

## CHARIVARIA

**T**HE two-volume chronicle of events now published as the U.N. Special Committee's report on Hungary appeared just in time to clarify recent statements by Mr. Kardar. His charges of "ungentlemanliness" by British citizens who smuggled film of the November rising out of Budapest seemed somewhat harsh at the time. In the light of the report it was obviously caddish to wash such dirty linen in public.

### Wait for the Rush

MR. CHARLES FORTE makes his most recent appearance in the public eye as chairman of the London Publicity Advisory Committee, whose intention it is to tell the world of London's unmatched attractions—"the largest live theatre of any city, a rich musical life, fine hotels and restaurants, magnificent art galleries and museums . . . the greatest city on earth, with something to offer all the year round." The plan received a well-deserved boost



from last week's heatwave report, which described how "molten tar bulged over the curbs, and sweltering visitors rinsed their socks in the Trafalgar Square fountains."

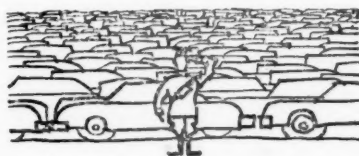
### Inching Along

EFFORTS to resolve the Cyprus situation took a new and elaborate turn when Mr. Reddaway, Administrative Secretary to the Government of Cyprus, acting on a hint from Sir John Harding, suggested to the Mayor of Morphou that Greek-Cypriot leaders should ask

Archbishop Makarios to tell Colonel Grivas to leave the island. Plenty of correspondence is bound to circulate among the parties before anything comes of this, and even then it would only mean that Whitehall would have two people, instead of one, to decline to negotiate with.

### Solved at Last

MOTORING organizations—a phrase which, it can now be revealed, cloaks the identities of the Automobile Association and the Royal Automobile Club—have at last become seriously alarmed



at the countrywide jams at week-ends, and are reported to have "appealed to drivers to stagger their journeys home." Naturally, public-spirited coast-goers have responded splendidly, and will in future spend the day finding out when other motorists are planning to start back and then coming to amicable agreements on how to make it all easy and pleasant for each other.

### Actions Speak Louder

WHEN a Ceylon crowd staged a demonstration demanding that Mr. Bandaranaike should "declare Ceylonese the island's only language" they were dispersed by a police baton charge. This showed that when it came to languages the Prime Minister was determined to speak at least two.

### . . . Sentiments les Plus Distingués

It has been decided, says a French report, that passengers arriving at Algiers shall no longer be greeted with the traditional airport welcome, "We

hope that you enjoy your stay here." But it is a pity to lose the gracious phrase altogether, and it could perhaps be adopted by municipal officials at Boulogne, where three tourists on a day trip from Ramsgate recently were called "English pigs," kicked, punched and robbed by French civilians, beaten up by French police, thrown into a cell for the rest of the day and marched under escort back to their ship.

### Blowout Danger

A STILL nervous Wall Street awaits uneasily the visit of the Master of the Cutler's Company, who is to make President Eisenhower a gift cabinet containing knives, forks and spoons for eighteen people.

### Testimonial

NEWS that a Hampshire railway porter has bought a Rolls-Royce, praising its economy of maintenance and its "sheer delight" to drive, and



describing it to reporters as "a working man's car," has been received with a smile of fixed gratification by the company.

### Stop These Wicked Explosions

PROPRIETORS of indoor entertainments at coastal resorts were said to be seriously worried about the spell of fine weather. They blame it on the bomb tests.

### Catching on Fast

THOSE who sneered at Ghana's official admission to the ranks of self-governing democracies were suitably

jolted into respect the other day. Ghana's inland revenue department announced rewards for informers on tax evasion, and its Finance Minister, Mr. Gbedemah, rose to tell an enthusiastic house that the nation "has a trade deficit for the first time in history."

### Belles-Lettres—Latest

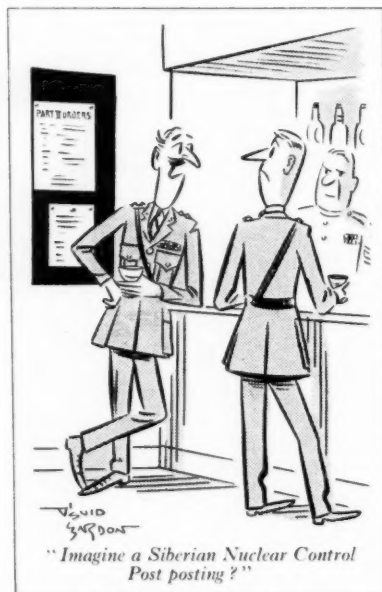
FRANCE's latest literary prodigy, who at seventeen has written a couple of novels in the intervals of professional pig-tending, is reported to have come to an English school "to be turned into a fairy-tale princess." In fairy tales, of course, it is usually the pig which undergoes royal metamorphosis, and the young lady may well be disappointed on getting back home to find the pigs still pigs. On the other hand, the animals are said to have played important roles in her last book, when they ate an illegitimate baby, and perhaps any change would raise awkward problems in the eagerly-awaited sequel.

### Blank Look

MODERNISTS everywhere are appalled to learn that a committee appointed to examine the demand for television in Singapore reports "a complete absence of response from the public," and adds that "this may indicate a general lack of popular interest." Either that, or they've got it already.

### Revised Version

BANNING a proposal to post up the Ten Commandments on school walls at Hampstead, Long Island, the authorities say that their reason is the avoidance of "unwholesome controversy." Why



can't they say frankly that someone is bound to chalk the eleventh underneath?

### Any Minute Now

DISCUSSIONS on disarmament, which some cynics pretend are doomed to

failure, at least do wonders for the diplomatic idiom. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd hit an ingenious mean between triumph and disillusionment in announcing that there were "new grounds for a constructive examination of what should be the parts of a partial agreement."

### No Hateful Benevolence

ADMIRERS of Mr. Aristotle Onassis have been alarmed by a report headed "Onassis to Aid Libya Development" and telling of his embarkation on some sort of private Marshall plan. They feel that he would be well advised to keep his money in his pocket, or spend it on yachts, unless he wants to lose his popularity.

### Treat for Our Grandchildren

ALARMING statistics of murder since the near-abolition of hanging are being calmly received by the abolitionists, who say that this will all change as soon as criminals become accustomed to the new form of "extreme penalty," life imprisonment. But it seems a long time to wait.

### Whiff of Nostalgia

WITH radiation more or less unrationed, And strontium 90 brooding in the blue, There's something quite appealingly old-fashioned About a dose of dear old 'flu.

## First-Night Wire

"DEAR Michael, happy claps tonight!

May all go magically right—  
No scenery collapse above  
While you are sweetly making love—  
No door through which the burglar goes

Refuse to open, or to close!  
May no spectator, tough or toff,  
Possess a pulmonary cough,  
Or, having seen the play at Leeds,  
Explain the plot as it proceeds!  
May critics, who have much to bear,  
Enjoy themselves at this affair!  
May all the gods approve of you,  
Or, if they don't, forbear to boo!

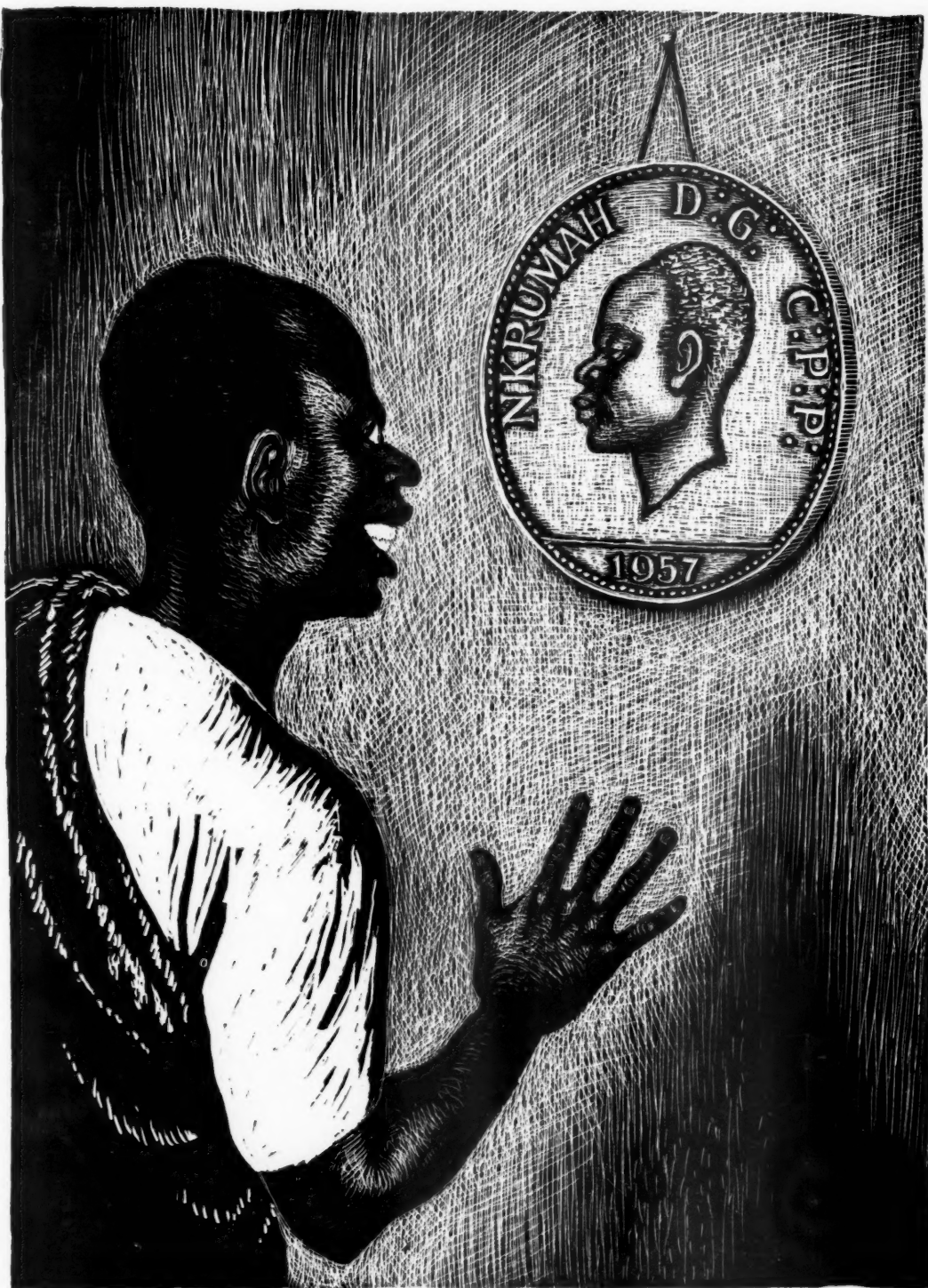
And then, the pains of labour done,  
May you relax and have a run,  
A run of reasonable sort,  
Not madly long or sadly short,

A run that keeps the wolf at bay  
But does not make you hate the play,  
'Till you are acting in a snooze  
And finally forget your cues.  
But in the world of grease and paint  
That's not the commonest complaint.  
How few the actors in a hit  
So big that they are bored with it:  
How many never touch the top  
But bravely flit from flop to flop,  
And after weeks of sweat and strain  
Are labelled 'Unemployed' again!  
How few can say 'The wolf's away'!  
How many see him night and day!  
Not one can swear 'Six months ahead  
I'll be in work and winning bread.'  
No fault of theirs—or any man's:  
For here the pixies make the plans.  
The happy architect is sure  
His house is good and will endure:

But who will bet, of any play  
'This one is bound to please—and pay'?

If there's a chap with such a flair  
Come forth—and be a millionaire!  
Do I depress you, friend? Oh, no.  
You feel tonight the undying glow.  
A blithe explorer, you embark  
On one more voyage in the dark,  
To hit the pit, or find the peak,  
To live forever—or a week.  
You would not change your risky quest  
For any civil servant's nest.  
Unpensioned, old, you'll sit and look  
At programmes pasted in a book.  
Bowed down with debt and overdraft,  
You will remember how they laughed.  
And may they laugh tonight, old stager!  
We wish you well—but make no wager!"

A. P. H.



*"Mirror, Mirror, on the wall,  
Who is the fairest of them all?"*

## Will you have Honey on Them?

By GWYN THOMAS

WYNZIE PHIPPS is a general dealer, an intriguer and the nearest we come in Belmont to having a resident master-mind. He has one great talent. If in his presence you utter any dubious little dream Wynzie will instantly furnish a rough bridge across which the wretched thing can be trundled over into reality. Per year he makes more trouble than sex. Take Byron Croome. Byron was courting the daughter of Abel Drew, a furnisher and a sidesman and pillar of one of the most caste-bound and purse-proud conventicles in Belmont.

Byron told Wynzie about this one night in the café of Aldo Gronchi. Wynzie frowned. He had come against Drew during one of his own brief phases in the furniture removal trade which had left more families foxed about the whereabouts of their belongings than an earthquake. Wynzie ordered black, bitter coffee all round and

launched a terrible assault on Drew in terms so scurrilously Voltairian that Gronchi had to tell him to keep his voice down.

The next night Byron went to have supper at the house of Drew. Drew ate sombrely and the girl was tearful. Byron was stung into reproducing the whole of Wynzie's statement about furnishers and Pharisees. Drew, half way through a pickle, got up and threw Byron down the front steps of the house. There were seven steps and Drew's throw had been a good one. Byron's wits and teeth were badly shaken.

"People like Drew," he said in Gronchi's the following evening, echoing Wynzie to the syllable, "have been pulled clean out of shape by the dead weight of stone in their churches and chapels. Their inhibitions are of granite." Gronchi offered Byron an outsize toffee to keep his mouth busy and turned up the urn to create a zone

of defensive deafness around himself. "Last night, in a dream," went on Byron, "I saw myself as a preacher gaunt and eloquent, urging people, with my eyes alone, to forsake their mortgaged shrines and return to an altar of lonely, frightened awareness."

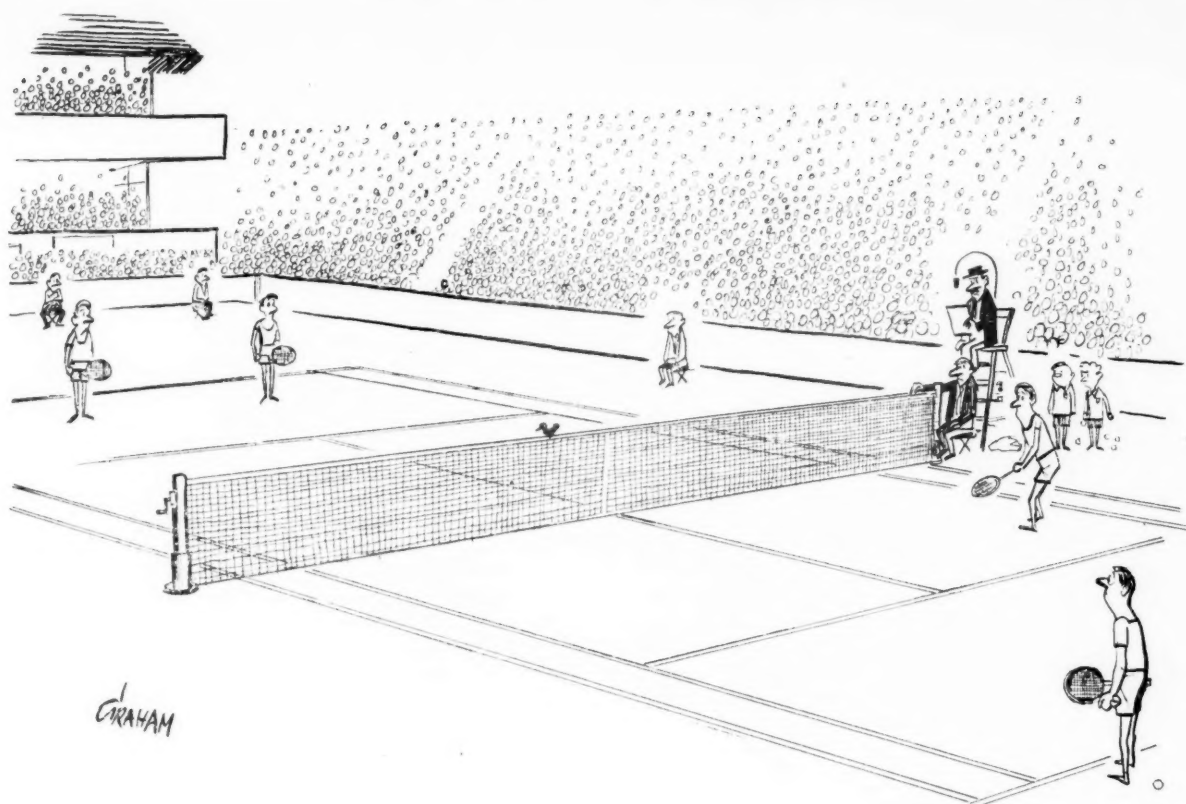
"That's the stuff," said Wynzie Phipps, who had just come in. "What we need is an avenging evangelism so sharp it will shear away the stupefying rolls of our moral fat. If there was any immediate future for free thought in this country I would tell you to go back and argue it out with Drew, but as things are I think you got the clue in that dream. Just wait here, Byron. I've got something for you."

While he was gone we wondered what it was that Wynzie was fetching. When he came back he was carrying a clumsy wooden contrivance with which he managed to get jammed in the door. We helped him in and he performed



"If they took Charles and Anne along they'd get a much bigger dollar allowance."





some manoeuvres with the thing that made it look taller but even then it did not seem to amount to much.

"I used this," said Wynzie, "during my period as an unqualified and mobile auctioneer. It's a collapsible platform." "What is this, Wynzie? Some kind of snare and trap for Drew?" "No. With this, Byron can go forth and preach a simple, unfurnished faith to the louts and money-changers of this area. If Byron were taller he could have dispensed even with the collapsible platform but there are few occasions on which nature cannot do with a few inches of help."

Byron could not resist. Two nights later he was on his way to one of the most sullenly infidel parts of Belmont, stooped under the load of the portable platform. From the first word he was never without some sort of audience. Wynzie had encouraged a group of the most stubborn rationalists to leave the shelter of the Library and Institute and just stand around Byron's platform and look incredulous or hostile. They were led by one of the most caustic and

unbelieving voters in Belmont, Norval Mathias. Wynzie would call around occasionally to encourage Byron.

"You're doing all right," Wynzie told him later at Gronchi's Café. "In an earlier age they would have set a light to your collapsible platform and watched you burn. You are at least keeping cool. Your metal is being beaten hard, that's all."

Very sadly Byron went up to the counter and asked Gronchi if he could remember any especially good tactics that had been used against free-thinkers in the Italy of his youth. "I do not know," said Gronchi after considering the matter for a long time and allowing the customers to form a queue. "I was too busy saving up to come here and follow the toffee trade. We did not know who were thinkers and who were not. We worked till midnight. We did not even know what thought was."

He slipped into the back of the shop and returned with a thick, cruel-looking truncheon which, he said, his father had kept under the bed for fear of burglars. "Just show this to the Norval Mathias,"

he said. "It's quite clean, the truncheon. My father never used it."

Byron dandled the staff lovingly but handed it back to Gronchi.

The next night around the collapsible pulpit Norval Mathias was in good form. He hinted that Byron before becoming a preacher had been a notable sensualist and that he had only taken up missionary work as a rest to steady his nerves before another fine round of carnality.

And Norval went on to give a list of other revivalists of earlier days who had a raffish amorist side to their nature and who had been driven by the threat of rheumatism from the ferny hillside, which was their real pasture, down to the nearest dry chapel. At Norval's side was his lieutenant, a short ex-boxer called Grafton Taft. Grafton had been beaten numb in his last fight five minutes after publicly kneeling and praying for victory because he badly needed the money. When his wits cleared he claimed that something had happened to lock his muscles during that act of prostration, and he had been working against the Bible ever since.

While Norval was talking Byron gripped the ledge of the collapsible pulpit and kept his eyes turned up, asking forgiveness quietly for Norval, Grafton and the other materialists.

When Norval had expended his venom he fell silent and began reading his notes in preparation for another attack.

Byron said in a soft voice that they would now see what love could do. Then in his best loud voice he began to invoke a blessing on Norval and the other rodneys. On the third word there was a cracking sound and Wynzie's collapsible platform came apart and Byron was sent flying. The nervous mood in which he had started the meeting and his zeal to shame and flay his enemies had made him careless about hooking up all the many fitments of this article.

Norval and some of the others watched the accident gravely and even went to help Byron while telling each other that the collapsible platform had done the only reasonable thing in the circumstances. But Grafton Taft, whose lobes had been hit back to front in the course of his years in the booths, just stood there and laughed. Byron got to his feet. He was grasping a fairly solid bit of timber. He took one look at Grafton's thoughtless, thrown-back head and gaping mouth and rushed in. He caught Grafton a whack that could be heard all over Belmont.

Grafton checked with Norval that it was really Byron who had welked him, and then some untidy fighting broke out, between Byron and his supporters on one hand and Norval's on the other. There was no clear aggressive plan about

it. The only one in earnest seemed to be Grafton Taft who had his head down near the ground in the stance that had made him one of the most inscrutable boxers in the zone, and was working his arms fiercely. He could not see that there was no one near and that the others were keeping him at a growing distance. The fighters kept moving right away from the scene of the meeting and the affair would have petered out quite harmlessly if they had not suddenly turned a corner and found themselves mixed up with a large funeral party which was far advanced in drink and fighting about insurance policies and bequests of furniture. The muted hatreds of about forty unhappy lives had become vocal and they were pummelling each other in fine style. They spotted Byron and Norval. Someone spoke of Byron's connection with Abel Drew and the rumour sprang up that Byron was there to carry out some coup with the furniture organized by yet another group of relatives who had not turned up for the funeral. Norval, they said, was an insurance agent come to invalidate their claims. The relatives fell upon this new focus of violence like lovers. Byron and Norval became the centre of a storm of hatred and when the police arrived the funeral party banded instantly together and denounced them as the sole begetters of the riot. Byron and Norval were on the point of making a conciliating statement which would have settled the matter when Grafton Taft, who had looked up for a change to find direction, rushed in and landed his only effective blows of the evening, one for each of the two policemen. They were led off to the cells—Byron, Norval,

Grafton and a few of the funeral party for whom the sight of policemen after a day with death and the family had been too much.

They appeared before our most austere magistrate who thinks that a kind of gipsy madness has come upon the Celts since full employment set in, together with soft sofas and public advice on sex relations. He lashed Byron with his tongue and said that the appearance of even an amateur evangelist before him on such a charge was a definitive trauma for which the Christians had been waiting since Constantine locked up the lions. He demanded that Byron make an act of submission before the town's diaconate dripping with as much penitential ash as that vigilant Sanitary Inspector, Aneurin Packer the Cloaca, might allow. Byron, who had just had a bill for the collapsible platform from Wynzie, behaved with dignity. He asked the court for an allotment of hard raffia from which to fashion a truss for the pendulous and threatening terrors of the magistrate and forswore any further urge to preach. He accepted a job in the office of Wynzie Phipps to encourage a small and porcine view of the universe, and said that he would send Abel Drew and the magistrate a regular report on how things were with the pagans.

And to this day, in one of the cooler corners of the Institute you will see Byron, Norval, and Grafton Taft staring negatively at the world and trying to find a third formula to make a less chafing yoke for the love and hatred that jolt us to our curious ends.

5 5

#### Practice and Precept

"In April, to date, the *Daily Express* has published 18 more pages than the *Daily Mail*, 64 more than the *News Chronicle*, and 82 more than the *Daily Herald*.

It has published more news and topical articles, more pictures, and more advertising than any of these newspapers.

Why is the *Daily Express* the most successful newspaper?

It has a total readership of 12,584,000. The *Daily Mail* has a total readership of 6,543,000.

Out of every ten people in Britain who hold a high or fairly high managerial or professional post, four read the *Daily Express*. Only two and a half read the *Daily Mail*.—*Daily Express*

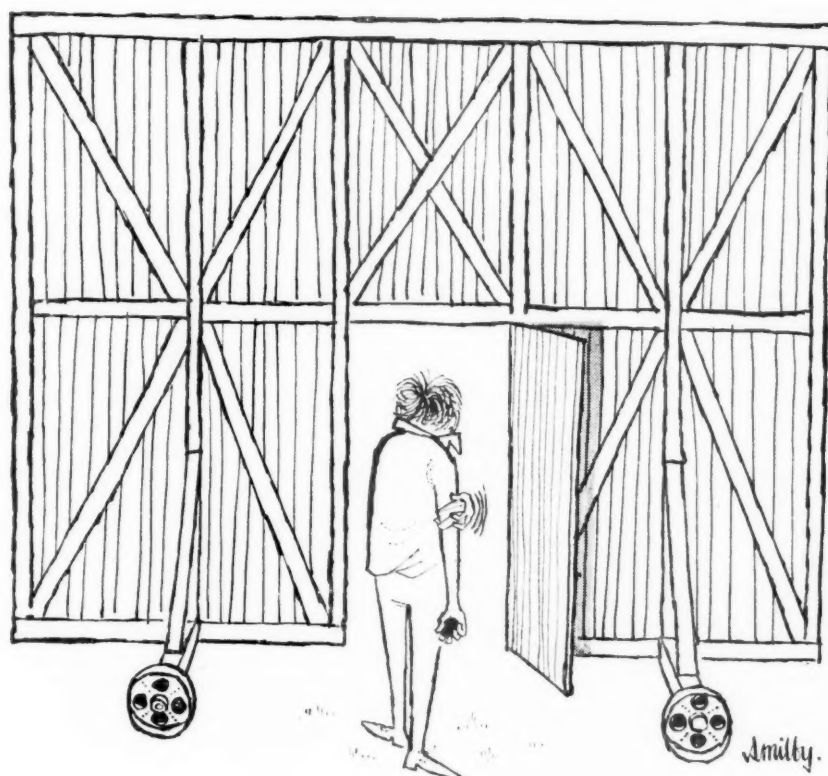
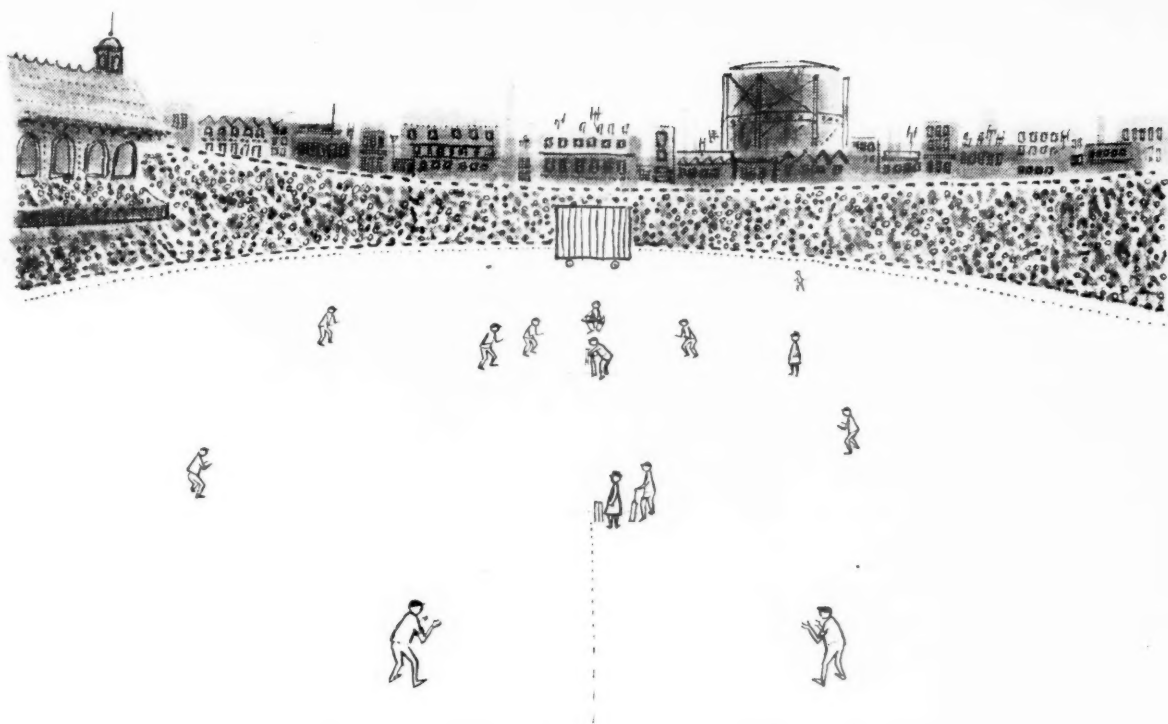
#### "TALKING POINT"

Enjoy your life without comparing it with that of others.—Condorcet."

*Daily Express*



Larry



# Best Attention at All Times

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

IT is only in the era of business efficiency that we realize how inefficient business used to be. The East India Company deserved to fold in a fortnight: all those hold-ups while quills were being cut. It's true that it didn't do badly, but think of what Clive could have done with electronics behind him.

If the boss of those days wanted to know how many lentils he'd shipped last year he had to send for the head of the lentil department and ask. Two men's time gone, for the best part of ten minutes. To-day he triggers his automatic desk file and up pops a card showing the number of National Health dentists in Berkshire. It's a different world. How did the Forsytes get on? If one of their chief clerks couldn't rap out the postal rates to the Caicos Islands, just like that, they had to fire him. The labour wastage was fearful. But now, if a mouse gets in your calculating machine, so that the answers reel out in frost statistics instead of short ton man hours, a repair van whisks it away and it's back in three weeks as good as new.

Naturally, these advantages spill over on to the consumer. If you had an account with one of those old department stores, where science's greatest triumph was little leather buckets of change whizzing on wires, you had to place regular orders to remain *persona grata*. Nowadays you needn't spend a penny. You'll get your monthly bill for £0.0.0d. just the same. In the Victorian counting-house this would have seemed a mad courtesy. "Ignore him," they would say. "If he hasn't bought anything he shan't damn well have a bill."

(They were a foul-mouthed lot, those old clerks: it was the strain of doing their own thinking.) And when you did get a bill it was contemptuously addressed by hand—not beautifully printed on paper with free lamp-black on the reverse, and directed with a nice touch of nostalgia to your last address but one.

Or take banking. Only a few decades ago fat passbooks came banging through the letter-box every month on the month, distasteful reminders of prodigal outgoings to "Self," "Cash," "Commissioners of Inland Revenue" and other recurrent benefactors. They made your financial life a nagging misery. All you get to-day is a blessedly meaningless sheet of numerals, printed on the slope, two or three times a year. Except for the huge half-yearly handouts to some one called CHGS you can close your mind to the whole thing.

But it is in the sphere of commercial courtesy that business efficiency has conferred the greatest benefits. Gone are the days when a firm was a mere name and address, impersonal, improbably remote; when an order for a cork-topped bathroom stool produced nothing but a cork-topped bathroom stool by return of post. Such ugly bluntness is ended. In the era of business efficiency a week goes by, a week of delicious suspense, the stool expected with every ring at the door, before the postman brings a heavy envelope, emblazoned with the arms and insignia of Atomic Ablution Accessories. Inside is a personal letter from the managing director, of almost tangible intimacy, beginning "Dear Mr. Smiht," regretting that stocks of heated towel rails are at present exhausted, assuring

delivery at the first possible date, vowing undying devotion, and enclosing a brochure on the subject of thermostatically-controlled linen-cupboards in peach, ivory, coke-grey, apple, primrose or chalcedony blue, and a business reply card inviting you to tick your preference.

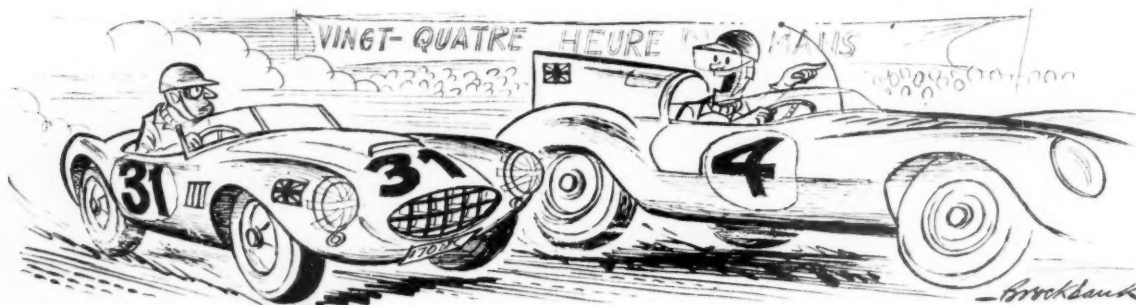
Do not your feelings for that firm differ markedly from those of any eighteenth-century customer of Messrs. Fortnum and Mason?

They do.

And even as you begin to pen your letter of appreciation there is a ring at the door. It is the A.A.A.'s personal delivery-man, in a crested tunic, with your fastidiously-packaged bale of cistern lagging; a great, friendly bear of a man, glowing with service, who will not take no for an answer. Brushing aside your protests he takes you companionably by the elbow and shows you the unassailable evidence of his punched invoice card, entitling you, with the full grandeur of the printed word, to accept delivery of 1 EEZO WC SEAT PERMO-STERIL GAMYTHENE as per esteemed order.

The correspondence which follows, carefully tended, can go on for years, with many a dazzling interpolated catalogue of steamless wall-tiles and tooth-glass racks. That is the great thing about the mechanized administrator. It has a deathless, undeflectable fidelity. The energy of its A.C. mains is inexhaustible, the variety of its activities as infinite as it is unpredictable. The enamel of its smile will not chip, stain or crack.

Only an attack with an axe can still its whirring, clicking, push-button bonhomie.



"Walcott's out!"



# On the Spot

By ALEX ATKINSON

(Nimblefoot is sitting in a tree on the edge of a primeval forest, with a field-telephone close at hand. He speaks reverently into his gold-plated microphone, but not quite reverently enough to persuade us that the events he describes can possibly be as epoch-making as he is himself.)

WELL viewers, here we are, as you probably know, at the sixth day of this truly magnificent spectacle—a spectacle which I may say it has been a great privilege for me personally to watch, and to explain to you, as far as has been possible, as I sit here, as you can see, perched, as you might say, in this great tree—this tree which, as you know, was so graciously and, I may say, thoughtfully provided for me—for my comfort—on the—er—the third day of this great pageant of majesty and of might—this great pageant which, passing before me as I sit here in this tree—I do hope it's safe, by the way—I have tried, in some measure, as you know, to describe for you, and, more especially, for those of you who need new glasses. A great privilege and a most moving sight, with all the vast sweep and pageantry of—of nature passing before me as I sit, high up, in the branches of this great—this majestic tree.

Nothing of very great moment is happening at the—at present, as you can see, and I thought that for the benefit of those who missed, through no fault of their own, the earlier programmes, I might just recap the events of the first five days—those five days which, coming just before this, the sixth day, have led up, as it were, to that great, unforgettable climax—overpowering in its beauty and its majesty—that great climax which no doubt, is about to take place, here on the edge of this vast I might almost say panorama of nature, with the great clouds overhead like—like a great field of waving corn.

And what a memorable pattern of events has unfolded itself as I have sat here in this great—this vantage-point! Perhaps the most dramatic of all was that moment when at the very outset the darkness cleared as though by magic, so that instead of being dark, if you can follow me, it was in point of

fact light. This was, as you may well imagine, a considerable advance, and most convenient. And then the emergence of dry land, so that, as you will remember, I was able to speak to you at last on *terra firma*, which was, I'm bound to say, a great relief. (He sneezes.) Excuse me. And then, that unforgettable moment of the coming of the great herbs—the sudden, majestic springing to life of humble grasses about my great feet—the burdock, the weeping willow, the violet, the chrysanthemum, the buttercup, and certain foreign plants (*his eyes twinkle cunningly*) of lesser breed. Up through the ground itself they came in mighty profusion, all the vast majesty of nature popping up, as it were, on every hand, while at the edge of this great stretch of land on whose swelling bosom I was most generously enabled to sit until indeed this great tree was most thoughtfully provided by I presume the management, so that I might look out over this veritable wonderland . . . at the edge, as I say, of this great stretch of land the great seas heaved and swirled, the towering waves rolling in to dash themselves to pieces on the edge of this great stretch of—on the edge. On, in fact, the land.

And then, to me perhaps the most memorable of all, the appearance—high up in the very arch of this vast sky—the appearance of those burning globes—those exquisitely shaped jewels hanging in the vault of the firmament itself—hanging pendant, as it may be, like precious stones upon the ear of some great lady of ancient and revered title as she moves, with infinite grace, to take her place at some glittering banquet of state—the sun, the moon, and the stars, the shyly winking stars. Those stars which, sparkling in a shimmer of gold and of silver against a background of velvet dark, sparkled against a background of—er—in a veritable shimmer of silver and—er—of gold.

Then too there came that thrilling moment when, in the forenoon of yesterday, I was able to describe for you the arrival, stage by stage, of fishes of every conceivable size and shape, including the coelacanth, out there in the dark depths of the dark waters. Gay little touches of humour, too, to make even more truly memorable still this momentous week of really memorable memories—as when the tiny humble pilchards dived, with all that well-bred insouciance which has so endeared them to us one and all, right under the—the—the



"I'm the one who should be on television—I was selling that stuff before he was born."

underneath part of the mighty whale, out there in the, in the—waters.

And all the time, almost without ceasing, this great storm has raged in all its primitive fury, shaking the microphone as I sit here in the branches of this great—er—vantage-point. It is early yet to assess the damage, but damage there must I'm afraid undoubtedly be, all around me for mile upon mile as I watch this enthralling spectacle, for such I assure you it is, unfold itself all around me. Those great lightning flashes that you see are the flashes of—er—actual lightning, as they light up and indeed illumine the scenes of devastation, and I must say—(he chuckles eerily) I must say I'm not too

happy about the safety of some of these nearby pine-trees. However, I hope it's all under control.

But now, even as I speak to you (his voice sinks to a tense, intimate, yearning croon) here high up on this perch—now, as I sit looking out over the—the—(he glances at a word written on his cuff) over the limitless arena of—of scenery, I can see, from where I sit, that something is happening. Yes, unquestionably events are in actual fact taking shape. Taking place, I mean. Great apes and monkeys begin to appear in the trees—those trees which seem to tower up into the very sky itself. Great apes, and monkeys, and—yes—I think one or two small chimpanzees. Living animals, in

fact, of every kind and degree, including a rather inquisitive little corgi.

One cannot help but wonder, as one observes this awe-inspiring spectacle, with the whole land filling with an immense number of animals and of beasts, large and small, savage or docile, including rats and leopards unless I'm much mistaken, one cannot help but wonder what may be the outcome of it all. (He plucks an apple from his tree. His field-telephone rings. He answers it.) Yes? . . . What? . . . Oh, very well, if you say so. (He throws away the apple petulantly.)

As I was saying, one cannot help feeling, as this impressive spectacle moves so powerfully to its close, with the lightning glinting now and then between the branches, and the whole earth itself beginning to teem with living creatures large and small even as I speak—one cannot help feeling that there is, perhaps, something behind it all—something, one might almost say, big. And yet at the same time one knows, in one's heart of hearts, that even bigger, more impressive things will emerge and, with them, commentators of an appropriate stature. World *premieres* in all the glamour of Leicester Square . . . all the might and power of an Empire light-heavyweight championship bout . . . the gracious launching of great ships . . . the great horrors of war . . . the thrill of Derby Day, with its gay tents and gipsies on the Downs . . . and even perhaps the breathless, unimaginable glory of a Royal occasion, when we can stand, bare-headed and with brave, humble, innocent, kindly English hearts, weeping as one man with gratitude and thanksgiving that we should be vouchsafed a glimpse, however small, however fleeting, of those for whom our love can know no bounds . . . Then, perhaps, and only then, we shall know that this present mighty sequence of events has not been quite in vain.

"Mr. A. H. B. Ingleby, education secretary of the National Marriage Guidance Council, told the council's conference at Buxton, Derbyshire, on Friday that the way was now wide open for some enterprising university department or institute of education to pioneer a course leading to a bachelor's degree in marriage and family life."

*The Times Weekly*

To be called . . . ?



# Candidus at the Mansion House

By LORD KINROSS

"It seems to me," said Candidus, helping himself liberally to *Sole Walewska*, "that the English are the biggest of all possible eaters."

"Perhaps," I replied. "But you will observe that they eat with the highest of all possible motives. Ministers of the Crown, and such patriotic persons, eat for their country many nights a week. The Lord Mayor here eats for the city of London twice a day, every day, throughout the year. Tonight we are eating with him for international unity."

"That is why this fish has a Polish name?"

"Doubtless. It is called, I believe, after one of Napoleon's mistresses."

"Ah, Napoleon! Yes, a great man for unity."

The occasion was a banquet of the United Nations Association, given at the Mansion House. Candidus had been warmly welcomed by the Lord Mayor, arrayed in lace and breeches.

"He has been riding?" he enquired.

"No. Those are his evening breeches."

"He and his Lady Mayoress, then, they eat a lot?"

"A lot." I explained that, on account of these eating duties, Lord Mayors, being men of seventy or so, used seldom to survive their terms of office for much more than a year. But now, being usually younger men, their expectation of life was a little longer.

"That is good," said Candidus. "I like this Lord Mayor. He must be a brave man, to have so many medals. He is also a generous man, to entertain so many hundreds of guests."

"Certainly. Though of course they pay for their dinners."

"They pay? This gentleman charges his guests for what they eat in his own mansion house?"

"Five guineas a head. It is a way of raising money."

"For what?"

"For unity. For the United Nations Association."

"But if all the money has to be spent on food?"

"Not all. There is a little left for unity."

"There would surely be more if the guests, patriots as they are, gave up the food and paid the money direct."

"Perhaps. But then they would not be having so enjoyable an evening. Besides, if you read your menu, you will observe that 'by kind permission of the Lord Mayor' cheques will be received in the Salon after dinner. Pens will be available.' Pens, it says later, lent by a well-known firm."

Candidus helped himself to spatch-cock of chicken and new potatoes and garden peas—and was silent. The scene around us was a gay one. A band played music of an international nature, by Strauss and Mozart and Irving Berlin. The tables were all bright with a myriad tiny flags. The necks of the ladies were glittering with jewels, and the breasts of

the gentlemen with orders and decorations. Among them were numerous ambassadors, with complexions of picturesque hues, from black to white through gradations of grey and beige and yellow. All conversed happily with the ladies beside them.

"The Lord Mayor has placed his guests well," remarked Candidus.

"Yes. Beside their wives."

"Their wives? But they are conversing with animation."

"They are busy men, and this is one of the few chances they get to see their wives."

The American Ambassador was among them. The French Ambassador



"That's the new, noisier Price of Freedom them Yanks warned us about."

## WINES · LIQUEUR



## FOLLIES



## SONGS



was not. Nor, to Candidus's satisfaction, was the Soviet Ambassador. But I was able to point out to him a Prince and Princess of the Imperial House of Russia. Pausing in the midst of a mouthful of Pavlova cake, he looked upon this aquiline couple with the deepest approval.

"This is truly a Concert of Europe," he remarked. "It is only unfortunate that there are so few young people present."

"They cannot afford five guineas."

"It is a splendid hall," he observed, looking above and around him at the soaring Roman columns and the Roman statues, noble in their niches.

"It is the Egyptian Hall."

"So called out of respect to a great ally?"

I seemed to detect a note of irony in his voice. But his attention was then distracted by his neighbour, who told him of the dinner he had eaten here last week: a more expensive dinner, with more courses and larger helpings. Opposite to us, a gentleman with a foreign accent was saying that here in England he greatly missed the salt butter which he used to enjoy in his own country. He introduced himself to Candidus, by the name, it seemed, of Ivan Ivans.

"A Russian?" Candidus murmured.

"When I was a boy up in Cardiganshire," the man was saying—

"No. A Welshman. Mr. Evan Evans."

"Wales too is a member of the United Nations?"

But his question was interrupted by a clarion call from the toastmaster: "My Lord Mayor, Your Excellencies, My Lords, Aldermen, Sheriffs, Ladies and Gentlemen—"

Candidus was spellbound. "What an inspiring voice! And what a brave man too, braver even than the Lord Mayor, with all those medals. One of your greatest generals, no doubt."

Sipping port, then brandy, he listened intently to the speeches which followed. Afterwards, as we filed slowly out of the banquetting hall, he recounted his impressions of the evening.

"Your Foreign Secretary, I thought, was a little too critical of this great and noble instrument of international unity and understanding. That Counsellor of the Queen, the wealthy Socialist one, was a little too frivolous at times. The grey-haired Liberal lord had some fine, inspiring phrases about creative purpose, and the sense of adventure, and humility and service, and the duty of the powerful to protect the weak. But that general, the one who announced the toasts, was truly stirring, though he said so little. A man of outstanding calibre. Surely a born leader. Pardon me for a moment if I borrow one of the Lord Mayor's pens."

## A Case of Mistaken Identity

By ANTHONY CARSON

EVENTUALLY I left Tarragona. I had been living with the hero, heroine, hero's wife and child hero about whom I had written a book. The proofs had been sent me and the hero himself had corrected all the mistakes. Now it was irretrievably lost. It was in the hands of the Secret Police, it had crashed in an aeroplane on the Pyrenees, I was in love with the heroine, she was going to be married in white in a week, I was wheezing with asthma. It was raining.

I caught the train at Barcelona and we made for the frontier. I went to the restaurant car and drank brandy. I walked back to my compartment just before the train reached the frontier, picked up my bag and waited to jump

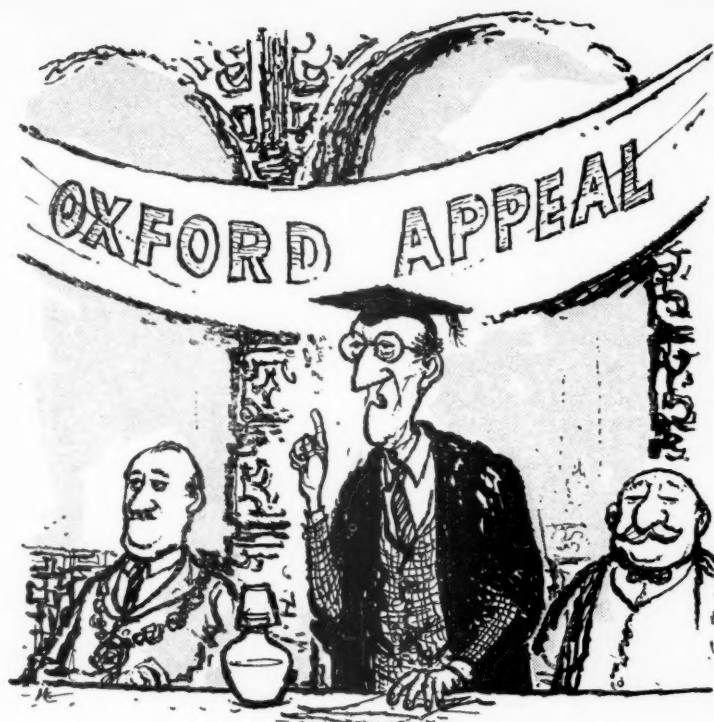
out on the platform, then made for the Customs. I slammed the bag down on the counter. "Open it," I said. An official opened it. IT WASN'T MY BAG. This bag contained a few torn pairs of silk stockings, imitation lilies, an empty oil drum, three electric-light bulbs and a plastic apron. "This is not my bag," I had shouted. My bag held summer suits, terrible short stories (written since Suez) and lots of debris I always took round with me all over Europe—old programmes of Nativity plays and wine lists and fragments of Roman pottery. There were also paintings I had made in Argentina up in the mountains.

"You are quite sure this is not your bag, sir?" asked the Customs officer.



"Of course I'm sure," I had shouted. "I hate artificial lilies, electric-light bulbs and plastic aprons." An announcement was made on the loud-speaker, and I could hear it crackling over the platform. "Will the lady who has inadvertently taken a suitcase filled with Roman pottery, literature, odd socks and water-colour paintings in mistake for her own, which contains electric-light bulbs and artificial lilies, kindly report to the Customs desk." At least I had my passport, a few hundred peseta notes and my ticket. Then I was ushered into the regional police office. "I'm sorry about this," said an inspector. "If you would like to write a statement, giving the exact description of the valise and its content, your identity, parentage, places of sojourn, destination and so on, the matter will be referred back to Madrid, and from there steps will be taken." "Well..." I said. I'm frightened of filling in forms, and in any case, what *was* in my bag? I was once arrested in Gibraltar for smuggling hashish and they had thought I was the leader of a gang. Besides, what could I say about destination? I hardly ever write letters, and was Mac back in Bayswater or Lina in Hither Green? Had I really an identity at all, here on the frontier, where love's temperature was already beginning to freeze? An eye in Rome, a hand in Fez, a bottom in the Camargue. "As a matter of fact," continued the inspector in a sad voice and giving me a man-of-the-world look, "it might not have been a mistake. It might have been one of the girls. They travel backwards and forwards on the Barcelona run, to the frontier." He started fishing about in a drawer of his desk and brought out a photograph of a slightly squinting woman with heavy eyebrows. "You don't recognize this face by any chance?" "No," I said. "That's Dirty Rosa," he said with a shrug, "but I think she's on the Irun run now. In any case I'll turn you over to the French police and they'll help you search the Paris train."

I could see that none of the police really believed the bag was anywhere but in a thieves' den, but they were polite and efficient. We went up and down the train, peering at suitcases on the luggage racks, but there wasn't a sign of it. The train whistle blew, the police saluted and I got myself a seat.



"And please, no applause . . . the roof . . ."

I suddenly felt a terrible twinge of melancholy, a nostalgia, not for what was in the bag but for the bag itself. Yes, it was my identity. It had travelled with me through Spain, Italy and Morocco, I had had its handles changed three times, in Melino, Sorrento and Tarragona, its bottom had been reinforced in Biarritz, it had been varnished in Granada. And, added to that, *the whole train knew me*. The loud-speaker had also given the message in English. A train, as everybody knows, is a strictly anonymous contraption—that is, the whole of a train. It is like a theatre, like sleep, like opium. It is full of actors trying to look like people, people trying to look like actors. It is fatal to get too close. And here I was, with the insides of *two* bags known in detail by this phantasmagorical corridor population.

Everyone in my carriage stared at me. "Pity about the bag," said a man with a Midland accent. "The paintings and all that. You an artist?" "Yes," I said. "Valuable, I suppose," said the man gloatingly. "A year's work," I said. I stepped into the corridor and walked to the end of the carriage. There was a

tall man there, beautifully dressed, staring at me. He had frozen eyes and the thin mouth of a cartoon Englishman. Foreign office, good wines, handsome frozen fiancée. "Good evening," I said. "You are the man who lost the bag?" "Yes," I said. "Got landed with electric-light bulbs?" "Yes." He wasn't smiling. He was shocked. Directly he was born he was a planned object—heart, brain, lights. "Bulbs," he repeated. He'd never lost anything—perhaps a glove at Chamonix. I continued on to the restaurant car and sat down at a table occupied by the Frenchmen. The elder one stared at me fiercely. I tried to avoid his eye, but he leant forward saying "*Excusez-moi, mais vous-avez encore trouvé la valise?*" No," I replied. "I am sorry," he said, "but I couldn't help being interested in the announcement. That bit about the Roman pottery. You see, I am an archaeologist . . ."

When I reached London I rang up my publishers. "The book?" I shouted. "Oh yes, we've got the book," said a voice. "We're waiting to see you about the jacket. The official illustrator has, I'm afraid, got mumps."



Sprod

MAÑANA I



"Oh, it's all right as long as your head's covered."



ANA LAND

# 100,000 Busmen in Strike Threat

**S**UPPORT would be welcomed for the Society for Suppressing News about Wrangles over Money.

It ought to be an established fact by this time that everybody wants more money all the time. Some people have the courage to demand more, or better still some kind of organization to demand it for them. Others lack these advantages. But the desire, expressed or silent, is widespread.

Hardly less universal is the reluctance of those who are asked for more money to hand it over. This leads to differences of opinion and a series of wrangles which, though of the utmost importance to those concerned, approach the ultimate limits of boredom for the bystander. He is never in a position to judge the rights and wrongs, or rather the possibilities of the affair. He would be glad, unless exceptionally curmudgeonly, that the Amalgamated Wheel-scrappers should get that extra fifteen shillings, if it can be managed, with a bonus of two-and-sixpence hard-scrapping money in frosty weather. But there is nothing he can do about it. He knows that in the end they will get ten shillings plus one-and-six, and that this will stir the Axle-binders Union into a frenzy, and all he asks is to be spared the details of the negotiations.

By H. F. ELLIS

This, however, is just what his newspaper declines to do. No newspaper can resist a "strike threat," despite the fact that in nineteen cases out of twenty no strike materializes. The merest whisper of a "breakdown in negotiations" is enough to trigger off a two-column headline in the main news page. Against a background of interminably tedious toings-and-froings the hitherto little-known Mr. Albert Trigg, Secretary of the Association of Light Alloy and Aluminium Workers, emerges as a figure of national importance.

What the Society for the Suppression of News about Wrangles over Money feels is that no breakdown in negotiations has in fact taken place. They have simply moved on one stage in what has now become the regular procedure for settling wage disputes, and the Society would be glad if newspapers would limit themselves for the future to a simple statement that "Negotiations between the Federation of Master Convector-heater Constructors and the Stovepipe Benders and Allied Trades Association have now reached Stage II, (or III or IV as the case may be)."

The Society is confident that there will not be much doubt in the public's

mind as to the precise implication of each stage. Nor, as a matter of fact, does it greatly care if there is. But for the benefit of anyone who has not ploughed through the detailed reports of the last forty or fifty industrial wage disputes the order of procedure may as well be set down once for all.

*Stage I. Negotiations.*

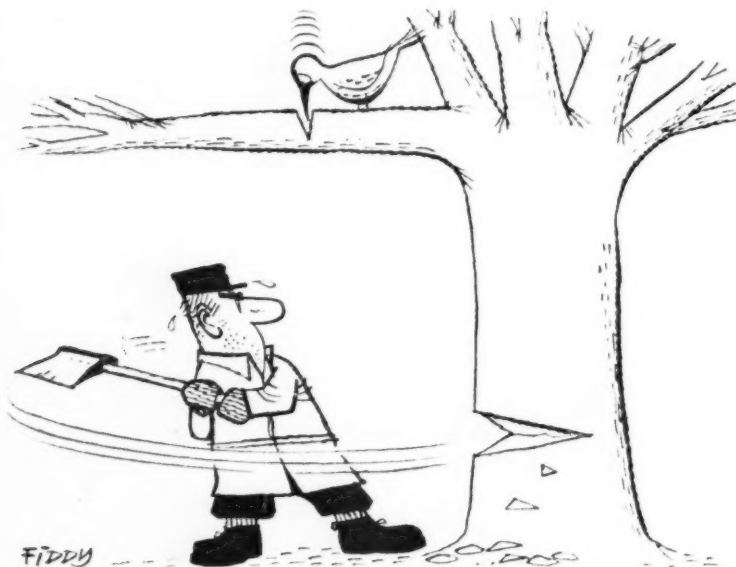
*Stage II.* The negotiations "break down." Mr. Fred Straw is photographed, with two other officials of the powerful Consolidated Joint-wipers Union, on the steps of Transport House. He says "We stand or fall by eleven shillings. Four-and-ninepence is an insult. The men are one hundred per cent behind us and we shall go all lengths to get justice." The employers, in a statement issued from somewhere or other, say "Our offer is final. It is the highest figure the industry can support in present conditions. Another sixpence would mean that we should have to close down."

*Stage III.* Neither side will hear of submitting the dispute to the Industrial Disputes Tribunal. The Minister of Labour says that nothing would be gained by his intervention at this stage.

*Stage IV.* Mr. Fred Straw, for the Union, and Sir Evelyn Butt, for the employers, are allowed exactly one and three-quarter minutes each to state their case on Panorama. Mr. Straw says that the men want a fair deal and, for some reason, a slice of cake. But as a gesture of good will they are willing to go to arbitration, provided the employers increase their offer to eleven shillings. Sir Evelyn says it would be a tragedy if the industry had to close down and British joints had to be wiped in future by German and Japanese firms. Rather than see that happen he would welcome arbitration, on the basis of a maximum increase of four-and-ninepence. Mr. Richard Dimbleby says "Well, there it is."

*Stage V.* Strike notices sent out. Messages of solidarity from Welders, Tinsmiths and others; but not much comfort for the employers apart from advice from pulpits and newspaper leaders to show firmness together with a willingness to meet all reasonable demands. Innumerable photographs of Mr. Straw going up and down stone steps with smiling colleagues.

*Stages VI-IX.* The Minister intervenes. Equities steadier. Both sides meet in separate rooms and send notes to each other. Many statements issued, all containing the phrase "intransigent attitude." Fifteen people photographed waiting outside No. 10 Downing Street. An *ad hoc* Advisory Panel is set up, consisting of a bishop, an ex-headmistress and two trade unionists under the joint chairmanship of Sir John Wolfenden





and Lord Radcliffe. It is to hear evidence in camera, but not to make any recommendations. The Minister of Labour flies to Scotland, but only gets an Honorary D.C.L. for his trouble. Mr. Straw pops out of some damned room or other to say "It is finished, gentlemen. We shall be out on the fourteenth." Sir Evelyn Butt climbs into a car at midnight, saying "We are still ready, as we have always been, to have further discussion with a view to finding a formula. But six-and-three pence remains our last word."

*Stage X.* Dispute settled, on the basis of eight-and-fourpence, with back pay to the beginning of the year and no victimization. In return, the Union agrees to make no fresh demands until they have all had a good look round. This is a triumph for good sense and the fundamental moderation and readiness to come to terms of both parties. Negotiations between the Combine Manufacturers and the National Union of Agricultural Engineers break down.

The proper order and conduct of all these Stages are well understood by both sides in disputes, and the Society sees no need to describe them in detail on every occasion. Indeed, it sees positive harm in the publicity afforded. There is always the risk that Mr. Fred Straw may begin to think the nation is really hanging on his lightest word, and that Sir Evelyn will get a picture of himself as a kind of Indomitable Old Man of Industry (previously played by George Arliss). If it be objected that grave matters involving the national economy, inflation, increased production, foreign competition and the national cake are at stake, the answer is that these issues can continue to be discussed as before in newspaper leaders, which the Society's members have long ago ceased to read. It is the news pages that the Society wishes to see cleaned up. And if it be further argued that trade disputes do on occasion result in strikes, and that the public must have warning of such events (in order to cancel visits, blow up their bicycle tyres, order coal, etc.), the answer to that is that Forthcoming Strikes might very well be inserted in small type immediately after the Weather Forecast. The public would then be able to take in the General Inferences and Further Outlook at a glance, without wading through all the stuff about narrowing the gap.

The Secretary of the Society is not asking for subscriptions for the Society's funds at present. All he wants is more pay for himself.



## Jerusalem New Town

*"Nobody loves a civil servant."*

President of the Customs and Excise Association

I LOVE the Civil Service

With due and proper love.

They prop the world we live in,

They shield it from above.

On every side about us

Their steady care extends:

They serve to circumscribe our means

And circumvent our ends.

Their greatness is extrinsic,

Themselves they are not great.

The State is all their portion,

Their patron is the State.

Not one of them can wander,

Nor one be dominant:

Their secret is collective strength

Their emblem is the ant.

Their pulse is always even.

Their hours are afternoons.

Their young are not eccentric,

Their old are not tycoons.

Their hands are not for harvest:

To think is all their toil,

And policy their corn and wine,

And precedent their oil.

Unmoved by opposition,

Untouched by fear or greed,

Or anger or affection,

Or sense of human need,

How shall the Civil Service

Escape our just regard?

Their ways are well-established ways,

And all their paths are tarred.

P. M. HUBBARD

# Speech Days

By ALISON ADBURGHAM

ON the platform at the Prize-Giving, the Headmistress takes up an invulnerable position flanked by her governors; on her right is the Rear-Admiral who has kindly consented to give away the prizes. In contrast, the parents in the body of the hall feel undistinguished, vulnerable. By the time they have been told that the dedicated efforts of the teaching staff are undermined by insufficient moral discipline and example in the home, there is hardly a parent who does not feel answerable to Nigel Molesworth's description of someone for whom he has small regard: *a wet, a weed, and utterly wormlike*.

Humility, in the case of the mothers, is intensified by the knowledge that their hats are doing nothing to improve their status. They cannot even find consolation in criticising the Headmistress's hat because she, being At Home, is hatless; indeed, wearing her gown, she could but mount a mortarboard, and this elegant style of millinery seems to have gone out of fashion in the scholastic sisterhood. However, there is a sprinkling of lady governors, and one can observe that this season's turned-back brims do not make good platform hats. They expose too much. A platform hat should conceal the eyes which

are so apt to take on the glazed look of specimens in a taxidermist's showcase during the seemingly endless tributes paid to loyal colleagues, to groundsmen, domestic staff, the chaplain and the doctor; to the bishop who preached at the commemoration service, the Sister at the San, and our good friends in the town. Struggling against the rising tide of drowsiness, the face looks unbecomingly strained and should be obscured by a hat of substance and authority.

Having read out the winners of scholarships and entrances to universities, of the essay prize, the French Reading prize, and other successes, the Headmistress dismisses her less prize-worthy pupils with the comment that some of these apply themselves too little, some too late, and some not at all. The governors and the Rear-Admiral, gazing out over the parents, may think that in the art of dressing the mothers fall into the same three categories. But they are judging by results, and they are wrong. Parents work very hard to be a credit to their children; the failure to reach a fair level of attainment is not so much a case of *could do better if she tried*, as *would have done better if she had not tried so hard*. It is not thoughtlessness that leads them to disaster, but the second thoughts which, like second

helpings, are so fatal to the silhouette: the added chiffon scarf, the stole, the quiff of veiling; the floral spray, the diamanté clip, the little bolero.

Observers from the platform should also take into account that, although millinery murder is committed, it is committed under extenuating circumstances. Mothers are unduly influenced by their daughters' idea of what is suitable for speech days. This rules out the big Ascot hat and the little cocktail perfection, the Henley hat and other sweetly silly elegancies. Mothers must compromise, and compromise is the enemy of chic. A hat that is not too big and not too small, not too beautiful and not too ghastly, is not a hat at all but a headcovering.

The other extenuating circumstance is that, although young daughters and sons would like one to appear enormously rich—ten times richer than the richest parents—it is inappropriate to look prosperous in the matter of mink and millinery considering the modesty of one's subscription to the new buildings appeal. Already the chairman of the governors has been beseeching that the school's approaching jubilee be celebrated free of debt; and even now the Headmistress is giving caustic statistics: if two hundred parents can raise, as they have done, the magnificent sum of seven thousand pounds, think what could be raised if all five hundred parents contributed their mite. Later on, in the state of ribald relaxation which follows release from exacting social efforts, the parents will tell each other that the ever-increasing fees compulsorily extracted from them preclude all possibility of voluntary mites, let alone seven-year covenants; and they will add that, among the many sacrifices they make for their children's education, not the least is the attending of such school functions as they have just been through. But that is afterwards, in the sanctuary of the home. In the hall, in the atmosphere of speeches and *esprit de corps*, they are all guilt and good intentions. Mothers remember that they are not only parents but old girls; fathers finger the cheque books in their pockets.

Thus the hats are rendered even less becoming by the miserable expressions

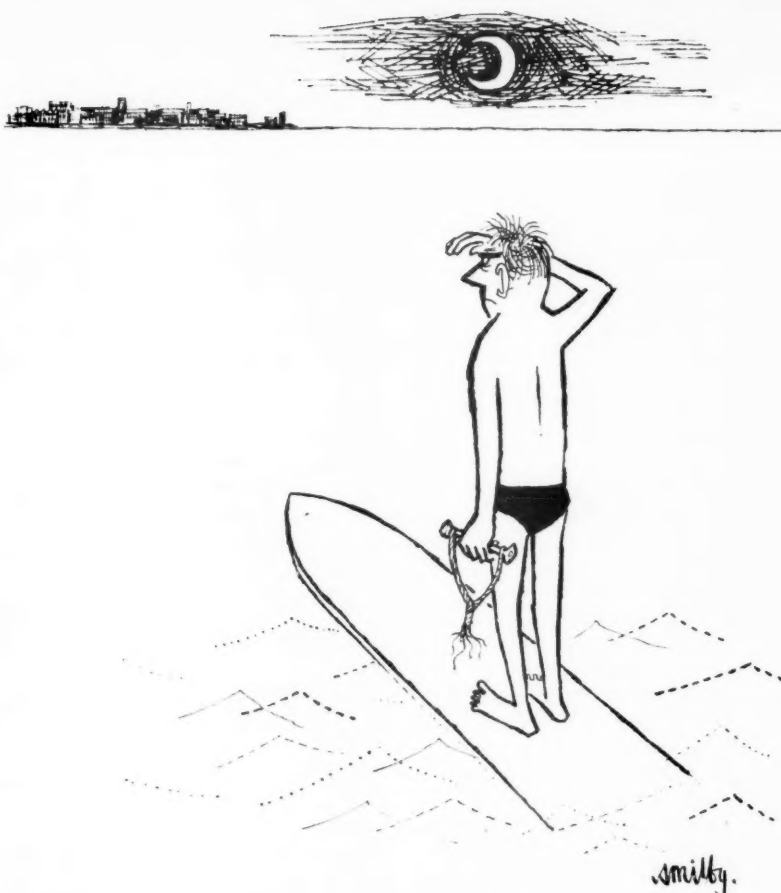


"His backhand is above suspicion but his amateur status isn't."

beneath them of those who feel they ought to part with more money. However, these relax when the Rear-Admiral recklessly launches his speech with a rip-roaring anecdote. He addresses himself to the pupils, makes naughty jokes about the house mistresses and leaves the parents alone. He himself is a parent of two other schools (both with their own building appeals) and he knows what it is like to be dressed down from the platform. He is a success with the girls, light relief for the parents, and only a slight embarrassment to the staff. The vote of thanks is moved, "God Save the Queen" is sung, and the platform evacuated. The distinguished guests in the front two rows of the hall (the ones with the comfortable chairs) are then allowed, as requested, to go out before the undistinguished parents. These at last fight their way into the sunshine that is melting the cakes and curling the sandwiches laid out for tea in the quadrangle. They move round congratulating the parents of prizewinners and deprecating their own children as being idle, slovenly, stupid, hopeless, brainless. If ever hypocrisy stalks this earth, it is in school quadrangles on speech days.

At this stage of the proceedings a headmaster differs from a headmistress. The headmistress is always, so to speak, in position; the headmaster feels he has fulfilled his duty in his speech by being, like Samuel Smith, godly, orthodox, and painful; he now throws all school matters to the winds and talks of the Test Match and his family holiday abroad in the summer holidays — the long holidays which the teaching profession ever denies to be an advantage. The parents are given the feeling that it is not at all the done thing to raise any scholastic question such as whether their son should change from classics to modern languages. They may have motored some hundreds of miles to the school, and will not see the headmaster again until the Christmas Carol service, so this wasted opportunity will involve them in much unsatisfactory correspondence; but it is entirely their own fault for not taking the Beak by the horns.

Referring to the Fourth of June at Eton, a newspaper correspondent mentioned the "distinguished dowdiness" of some of the parents. We know



exactly what he meant, but are inclined to argue that an essential quality of dowdiness is the absence of distinction. A duchess may look like a scarecrow, but she has good bones; and, as with the scarecrow, the bones show through. Dowdiness has no bones. It is a flabby condition brought on by temperament, environment, and other contributory factors. For instance, a disregarded or broken heart in youth may be responsible for the disregarding of broken shoulder-straps in middle age; the early wrecking of ambitions responsible for the later wrinkling of stockings. And again, the heart that has never matured may be responsible for an unsuitable manner of dressing, as with Madame Steynlin in *South Wind*: "Madame Steynlin was too romantic to dress well. She trimmed her heart, and not her garments. A tidy little income, however, enabled her to eke out lack of taste by recklessness of expenditure. This particular hat, it was observed, must have cost a fortune. And yet it was a perfect fright; it made

her look fifteen years older, to the delight of all the other women."

It is as well that Madame Steynlin had no child at a public school. We have already shown the tactical error of wearing a hat that has obviously cost a fortune, and are agreed that a mother's first duty to her child is not to look a perfect fright. As to looking fifteen years older, or younger, than her age, that is irrelevant at school functions, where age-groups are clearly defined by offspring. Of small avail to attempt to look thirty-five when accompanied by a daughter with an entrance to Lady Margaret Hall and a blue serge skirt three inches longer than your own.

"I was talking yesterday to that talented architect Dr. Walter Marmorek about the new German Embassy he designed in Belgrave-square . . . Dr. Marmorek, who was born in Vienna zur . . ."—*Daily Express*  
Don't you mean "Pfui"?

# Cockburn's Aspects of English History

## Progress



IN a top-level summation of argument around what we may approximately term "Darwin," Professor Julian Huxley has recently gone on record with the statement that, so far from there being any big mistake about non-purposeful evolution, "the real wonder of life is the fact that the automatic and non-purposeful biological evolution should eventually have generated true purpose, in the person of the human species."

*Mutatis mutandis*, and making full allowance for the fact that Professor Huxley was writing about something else, his statement may usefully be wrenched from its context and borne in mind by the student of English history. For it may well be considered that the real wonder of that is that its confused, and often deplorable, processes should eventually have generated a true historic situation in the shape of the present day.

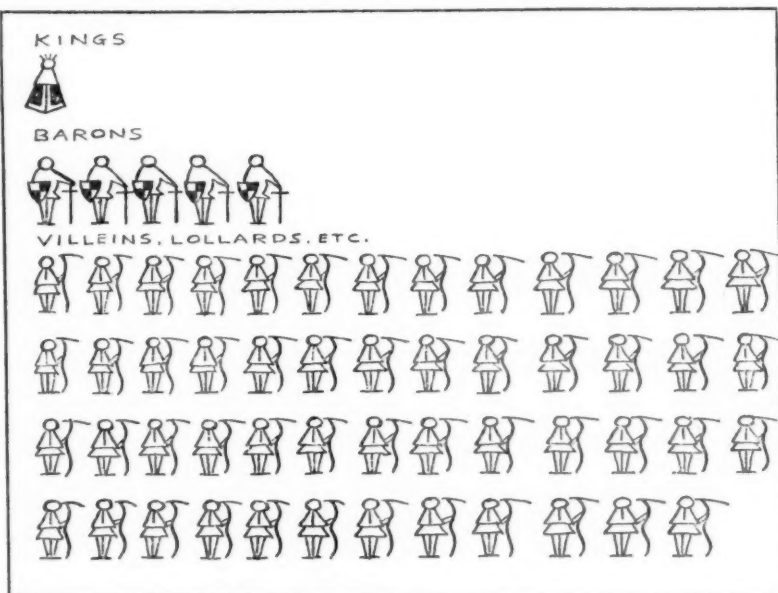
However distasteful may be some aspects of the past—no one would attempt to palliate more than some sharply restricted sectors of, for example, the thirteenth century—the essential is to remember that if actions and institutions in the past had not been what they were, existing institutions might well be other than they are.

The history of the police force is a

profoundly significant case in point. If, for example, we examine the police force of the fourteenth century we find that the principal point to note about it is that it did not exist. And the same is true of the fifteenth to mid-nineteenth centuries, inclusive.

That the only "police" organization

"of constant occurrence." (In this connection he mentions Tottenham as a particularly dark spot.) Goods in transit were regularly pilfered on a large scale. Gangs operated. And the streets of London and other large cities were infested with prostitutes, plying their trade with little let or hindrance.



in mid-eighteenth-century London should have been placed under the direction of a middle-aged novelist, crippled by gout, is a measure of the frivolity with which the problem was approached. It is worth noting that no English novelist since Fielding has held or even—so far as is known—been offered the command of the Metropolitan Police. And novelists of our own day, many of them with circulations far greater than Fielding's, accept the situation without demur. Thus progress goes on its way.

Professor Trevelyan pertinently suggests that, had the English character been less good than it was, looting, riots and mayhem would have been even more common than they were. This seems to be almost certainly the truth. Yet, as the police and prison expert Major A. G. Griffiths remarks, crime at the end of the eighteenth century was "rampant." Burglaries were

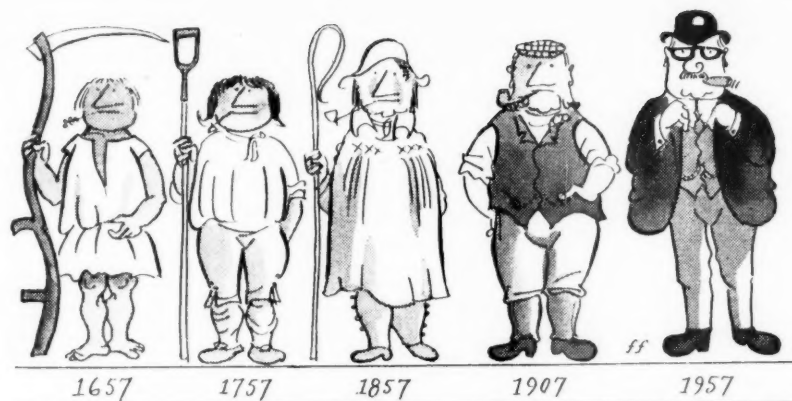
Sir Robert Peel's suggestion of a regular police force was at first met with hostility by many. They declared that "police" was a French word and a French idea. Thinking semantically, they said it augured ill. Probably the police would be more of a nuisance and expense than the burglars. However, cooler counsels prevailed, and the vital decision was taken to put an end to the sordid state of affairs. The point is that had that state of affairs, almost incredible to the modern citizen of London, not existed, the situation as we know it to-day might never have come to pass.

It was but one instance of how progress works, at any rate in England.

A far more comprehensive example is afforded by the changing conditions which led, after many hesitations and disappointments, to the Labour Party and T.U.C.—to, in a word, the institution of Transport House. For if it







is possible for an Englishman of the present day to envisage the absence of a police force, it would require a far more strenuous feat of the imagination to conceive the country without Transport House. Yet there were, of course, many centuries when such was, indeed, the case.

The records show that at one time, and over a long stretch of time, the most common type of person in England was a peasant. In the parlance of the period they were known, collectively, as "the peasantry." Their status—involving villainage, the glebe, Lollards and the like—is both too familiar and too complex to require or be susceptible of elucidation here. Suffice it to say that in those more leisurely and perhaps more truly thoughtful days, before a profusion of cheap literature was available to all, everyone knew a peasant when he saw one, and could talk intelligently about the peasantry.

And the peasantry, on its side, got itself, as the saying goes, "talked about" by means of the various "peasant revolts" which were such a colourful feature of the period.

Some historians have rashly assumed that "the peasantry" may be regarded as simply the Labour Party and T.U.C. in embryo. It is pointed out that they formed unions, and made a special point of resisting attempts by the

Government to "freeze" wages, despite the obvious effect of such attempts upon the inflationary spiral which followed the Black Death.

The analysis is superficial and will hardly bear examination. To take but one example, they hated lawyers, and killed or severely beat many of that profession who, properly approached, might have been of great service to the Movement. Moreover by permitting if not actually encouraging the murder of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Wat Tyler would certainly have rendered himself ineligible for membership of any constituency Party.

The Peasant period proper thus ended in comparative failure, and for a while people's attention concentrated on the Elizabethan Age and all that it implied. But with the coming of the Civil War, the Parliamentarians and the Roundheads, including Levellers, Diggers (early crypto-anarchists), and the like, the question again arose whether we did not have here the germ, to put it no higher, of an incipient Labour Party.

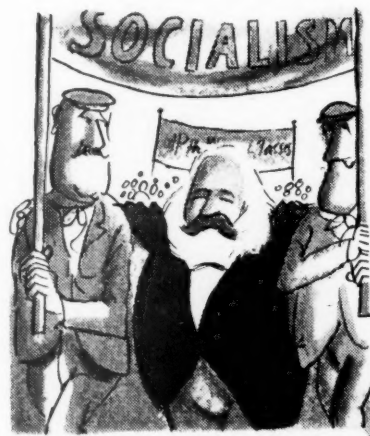
But the fact was that the over-zealous attitude of certain elements had alienated the middle-class voter. For more than a hundred years it began to look as though progress had stopped. And this was particularly the case because, just as the middle class vote was getting over its

fright, the whole advance was set back by the ill-judged behaviour of the small group of extremists responsible for the French Revolution with its repugnant excesses. Hot-heads in England did the cause what might have been irreparable harm by forming societies and associations—with names like the Friends of the People—which expressed more or less open sympathy with the Jacobins and alienated the middle class vote all over again. To smash the panels of the King's coach in the streets of London and organize a mutiny at the Nore was no way to convince the country of the Movement's innate sense of responsibility.

Half a century later the Chartists—many of whom were indeed men with a very, very deep sense of responsibility—permitted themselves to be infiltrated by what have been called "crypto-embryo-communists," with the inevitably alienating effect upon the sound. And only a couple of decades later Karl Marx made a typically malign attempt to discredit the English Labour Movement by deliberately associating himself with it and attempting to play a major role in its foundation.

Fortunately, the common sense of Englishmen at length detected him as a theorist and doctrinaire, a charge from which he was never able to clear himself.

Yet, despite all these threats to its birth and progress—despite the "Cloth-Cap Deviation" and the "Tonypandy Error"—Transport House was eventually born. And from that point on the student may trace the course of progress with a clear eye and steady hand.



# Dear Old Tovarich

By LESLIE MARSH

IT was a bit of luck to catch the old pro between houses, in the pub opposite the stage door, and have a chat. His singing voice has gone now, so he is Props, and they give him a small part in production numbers, for the Moscow State Variety Theatre. They opened this week at Streatham, close handy for my little place in Brixton. He knew all about our old-timers and his English was class, more like a man who'd worked in legit.

"We artists are friends," he greeted me. "No political nonsense between us. Art knows no frontiers. How fortunate you have been in the number of gifted Russian performers who have made their homeland in your islands. The memory of your great Marie Lloyd, for instance, is for me unfading."

"Yes, she packed 'em in," I agreed.

"It was her misfortune, was it not, that though born in Brest Litovsk she was forced at a tender age to flee with

her parents from Czarist tyranny, yet not before the great democratic image had been imperishably planted in her mind. How else could you explain her finest ideological triumph—identifying herself personally with your great People's Protector as one of the ruins that Cromwell knocked about a bit? And how sad, yet in a sense how beautiful and fitting, that she should have been singing of him and his peace-loving troops' timely destruction of the Royalist lickspittles' arsenals masquerading as churches, when she had her fatal collapse in front of the footlights."

He sang a bit, slightly off key but you could tell he knew the tune, low and mournful like a chap in church:

In the good old days there must a'  
been some doin's  
No wonder that the poor old abbeys  
got knocked to ruins.

"That was on the stage of what your colonial bandits called the Wood Green 'Empire.'"

"Yes, on the old Stoll circuit, that was."

"But your great Will Fyffe, the Ukrainian emigré, he it was who epitomised all the philosophy of our Communist system. He belonged, as a good citizen, to Glasgow, but Glasgow belonged to him, as all the Russias do to us. It is the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics in one band-part."

"Ah, good tune, too."

"But above all I remember the savage satire of your great Ella Shields, the runaway girl from Smolensk. How trenchant was her denunciation of the parasite capitalist class! And that sturdy snub she gave to the oppressive palace popinjays!"

He started to hum again:

I'm Bert, Bert, and royalty's hurt,  
When they ask me to dine I say No,  
I've just had a banana  
With Lady Diana,  
I'm Burlington Bertie from Bow.

"A big number, that was, and you had many fine big numbers, especially that one that Josef Stalin in his early days commissioned from one of our secret agents in New York disguised as a lyric writer—'Everything Is Peaches Down In Georgia.' But in the field of



"At the end she's found guilty."

enlightened industrial service who could compare with your great Harry Champion, the fugitive from a St. Petersburg bicycle chain gang, Nicky boys as we used to call them? With such fervour and energy did he marshal the exploitation of under-developed waste products!"

He was at his quiet singing again:

Any, any, any old i-hon.

"He was good, but the unspeakable shame of his unprecedented treachery! Poor, weak, misguided clown! Did he ever confess to taking bribes from the Palace lackeys?"

"He never played the Palace, cock. That was always straight or musical or revue."

"No, no, the so-called Buckingham. When he brazenly puffed himself up in the likeness of your effete monarchy—'I'm Emery the Eighth, I am.' And alas you had your other deviationists. The misdirected Harry Pelissier and his aptly named Follies."

Again that humming:

There ain't gonna be no war  
'S long as we got a king like good King Edward.

"A laudable sentiment grotesquely motivated. Follies indeed!"

"Well they're all dead now bar Fay Compton."

"And why did the servile flunkey Lottie Collins seek to elevate the outworn trappings of the nobility and prate of 'Tiara-boom-de-ay?'"

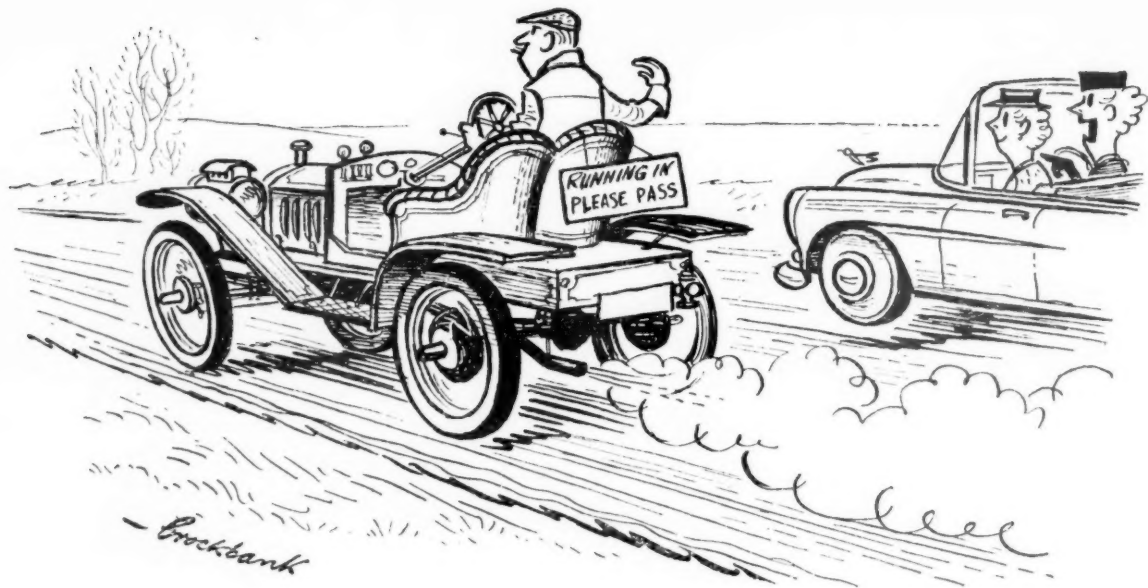
"Ta-ra-ra, that was."

"Let it pass. And the bourgeois Harry Tate with his ill-timed sneers at the common boy, vaunting such decadent Western inanities as motoring, fishing, golf. Or the bloated plutocrat Charles Coborn bragging of his ill-gotten gains at Monte Carlo."

"Well, it takes all sorts," I reminded him, and then he had to go. He was dead right, though, about art knowing no frontiers. As he was leaving I said they seemed to me a bit cold in front at the first house. "But of course," he admitted. "Monday night. Paper all over the place. Over-privileged drones in free seats ousting the more warm-hearted, demonstrative wage-earners. And didn't you notice in the sketch where I had a speaking part, first on after the interval, that fascist shark who kept treading on my laughs?"



"On the other hand emigration plays havoc with our own by-election results."

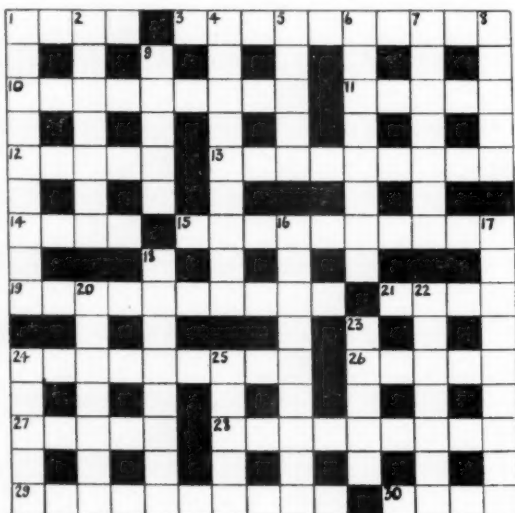


"Golly, they've been a long time selling that one!"

## Tennis Crossword

### ACROSS

1. Allows extensions of service. (4)
3. Leaving it alone, as sober partners often advise against over-indulgence in wild swipes. (10)
10. Mind elbow complications; can be prevalent here. (9)
11. Sort of joint where the score is always 40-30. (5)
12. If young they're more inclined to love fifteen or love thirty than love forty. (5)
13. This year's champion may be called Hoad's. (9)



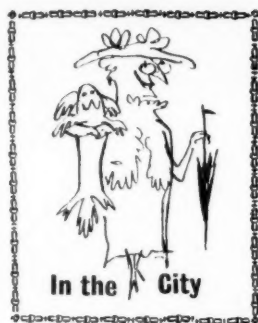
Solution next week

14. Court security precaution. (4)
15. Seat of justice at tournaments. (10)
19. Keep off the grass for this game. (4, 6)
21. Sounds as though Iolanthe were an ex-champion. (4)
24. Top rating for the man with the whitewash? (4, 5)
26. A fan's would include, e.g., Lenglen, Willis, Borotra, the Dohertys. (5)
27. One based on tennis should be staged at the Court Theatre. (5)
28. Surveyor's rather than tournament spectator's record. (5, 4)
29. Tin rustles all over the place when they click. (10)
30. He proposed to "talk of court news . . . Who loses and who wins, Who's in, who's out." (4)

### DOWN

1. Keeps the new growth short back and sides. (4, 5)
2. Acrobatic tennis is his pigeon. (7)
4. No bat, mind, however odd the shape, for this game. (9)
5. In a long set this game cannot be decisive. (5)
6. There is none normally in a championship set. (8)
7. Borotra's exuberance did this metaphorically to the spectators. (7)
8. It's away. (5)
9. The stroke that punishes, even if beheaded. (5)
16. Aces nip us badly when they hit with such power. (9)
17. He'd be a wet blanket at Wimbledon. (9)
18. But there was no hesitation about her play. (8)
20. The set's finished though there was no score in the middle! (3, 4)
22. Women's singles rivals do not usually greet each other thus. (7)
23. Deuce is among the mildest of them. (5)
24. Such service, though it may be faulty, is always right. (5)
25. The poor player can't keep his end up, so he's taken to Law. (5)





### Quiverful Unlimited

THERE is not a corner, hardly a nook or cranny, of economic thought that has remained inviolable since the first World War. One by one the old theories, doctrines and arguments have been turned inside-out: the orthodoxies have collapsed and the heresies have triumphed.

We can be thankful for all this, for the fact that the economic prophets of woe have been discredited one after the other by the march of events. The world has survived a second war, it has struggled through a vast social revolution. Britain is still alive and kicking after the disintegration of an Empire, after a longish bout of Socialism and the industrialization of half her markets. America still rubs along pretty comfortably under "feudal capitalism," and Russia manages to avoid chaos with a planned economy. And of course all the old dogmas of monetary control have been thrown overboard without the balloon going up.

But it is in matters of population that the economists have suffered their worst defeats. Almost every dismal or hopeful prediction has been proved wrong. Britain has not suffered a disastrous slump in birth-rate, the Chinese have continued to multiply, the Japanese have decided to breed more slowly, Russians and Americans prove themselves as fecund as Indians. And the world's peoples, warned only five years ago by the economists to expect famine and Malthusian liquidation, seem to be eating better than ever.

The latest edition of the *United Nations Demographic Yearbook* reveals that general nutritional standards are slowly improving despite the prodigious increase in world population. At present—and every minute matters—the Earth has about 2,700 million inhabitants, and at the current rate of increase the figure might well be 5,400 million by the year 2000. Somehow or other science is coping with all the new mouths that appear daily. The area under cultivation

has increased more than anyone thought possible a few years ago, and the yield per acre has rocketed with each new application of capital.

The most convincing proof of this is the fact that even in an age of widespread inflation prices have recently moved against the farmer and in favour of the industrial manufacturer.

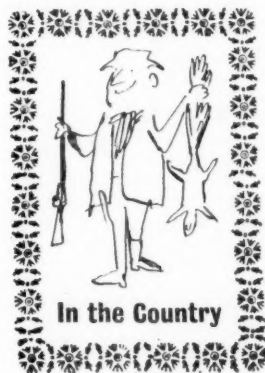
Prophecy in the field of demography is still a futile occupation. We still do not know what forces conspire to make populations rise or fall. We do not know whether malnutrition increases or decreases natural fertility; nor, from the very different trends in India, Italy, Ireland, Japan, and China can we draw any useful conclusions about the effects on population of wider knowledge of contraceptives.

We do know, however, that even the Communist countries are having second

thoughts about the merits of quiverfulness. In China abortion and sterilization are now part of the national health service, and there is talk of fixing the minimum age for marriage at 23. In Russia the commissar for contraceptives is taking up new quarters in the Urals. It is impossible, the Marxists have discovered, to find enough capital for reconstruction and development when so many hands are needed to feed and shelter each year's addition to the proletariat.

Planned or unplanned, the world's population seems all set for continued expansion, and the only wise course for British industry is to budget for markets twice their present size. If the demographers and economists are right there should be 5,000 million customers by 1990, more than 4,000 million for Orwell's 1984. MAMMON

\* \* \*



### Strawberries Without Tears

I HAVE never believed that there was such a thing as Progress. I admit I've often observed that certain inanimate objects are capable of undergoing imperceptible changes. But that is a different thing altogether; change does not even imply progression. It's true that in the country machinery has ousted the horse, that concrete blocks and artificial fertilisers have moved in, and that and skill are now as scarce as charity. But the use of new materials has failed to make me believe in the approach of the Millenium. Political Utopias are essentially an urban day-dream, the steam rising from metropolitan coffee cups. But no country bumpkin is sufficiently naïve to subscribe to such ideas. For anyone who lives in an English village, even for only a few months, must inevitably conclude that human nature is bounded by two fixed limits: its capacity for gossip, and its appetite for slander. And the only progress a man can find is to put himself beyond their reach.

But my pessimism has just been very badly shaken. Indeed I'm now coming round to the opinion that though Progress may not be possible, at least a return to the Garden of Eden is almost upon us. For this is the first summer I haven't spent on all fours. Previous years have found me in that position most of June and certainly all of July, as I crawled up and down the garden between the rows of strawberries, first putting little mats round the wretched plants, next pinching out the persistent, obstinate and prolific runners, and finally crouching or lying prone on the ground to gather the fruit which the slugs had not devoured. But that punishment is no more. Thanks to some German gardener we now have a climbing strawberry plant, which will grow up a trellis like a runner bean, and courteously produce its fruit at hand or mouth level. What's more, slugs can't damage the berries, nor do they lie in the rain to spoil. If this isn't true progress I don't know what is. The whole of the Atomic Age will have to work hard to improve upon this improvement.

Now that the horticulturist has broken new ground I have a few more suggestions to make: we need a runner bean that doesn't bolt to high heaven, needing a fabric of supporting sticks; what we want is a bean which will stay in a kind of bush, like its less athletic cousin from France. And couldn't somebody invent or breed a cabbage impervious to caterpillars, carrots that we didn't have to thin, or brussels sprouts that we never need to eat?

RONALD DUNCAN



## BOOKING OFFICE

### Big Tich

**The Tichborne Claimant:** A Victorian Mystery. Douglas Woodruff. *Hollis and Carter*, 30/-

**M**R. DOUGLAS WOODRUFF has brought off a feat. He takes you by the arm, and says he is going to describe the Tichborne Case; and will not listen to protests that you are not in the least interested. Before long, you are overcome by the dreadful knowledge that you yourself will have to see the case through; you are committed not only to reading every line of the four hundred and fifty pages, but also to be burdened with your own personal opinion on a subject to which you had previously never given a thought.

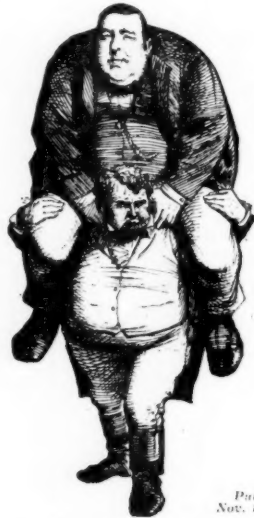
The Tichborne case has none of the magnificently sinister, tawdry, dramatic trappings of the Dreyfus case, as rich in the music of *opéra bouffe* as in human interest or political action. The Dreyfus case is all hard, highly coloured Latin violence. It is classical drama. The Tichborne case is at best Sherlock Holmes, an improbable story made convincing by the mixture of everyday life with sheer fantasy.

Roger Tichborne, heir to the ancient family of that name, was the son of unhappily married parents. His mother, illegitimate daughter of one of the Seymours, by an illegitimate daughter of one of the Bourbon Contis, was—I think it is not going too far to say—an old fiend. She wanted to bring her son up as a Frenchman, but, after a childhood in France, he went to the Catholic public school, Stonyhurst; and later into the 6th Dragoon Guards (The Carabineers).

Unaware that the Crimean War and Indian Mutiny were imminent, Tichborne left the Army because it was not adventurous enough. He seems to have been a fairly dissipated young man, but not dissipated in a manner to make him popular. In 1853 he sailed, with no very apparent object in view, to South

America; travelled a bit there, and in the following year the ship carrying him to Jamaica was lost at sea.

His mother would not believe that her son was dead. As a result of her advertisement, a dozen years later, a butcher in Wagga Wagga, Australia, living under the name of Castro (but perhaps really called Orton) wrote to



say he was Roger Tichborne. He came to England. Lady Tichborne and a few other connections accepted him; but most of the relations decidedly did not. There was a civil trial to establish his identity, followed by a criminal prosecution, at the end of which the Claimant was sentenced to fourteen years on two counts of perjury. Legal proceedings (which in many respects did English Law no great credit) lasted from 1867 to 1874 and occupied public attention to the extent shown in the cartoon on this page. The Claimant died in 1898.

Mr. Woodruff is admirably objective. Finally, in his summing up, one may suspect a slight leaning to the view that the Claimant may have been genuine; but he certainly leaves nothing out which would make the reader think the reverse.

Examining the photographs here of Roger Tichborne and the Claimant, I was immediately struck by the fact that Roger Tichborne has no lobe to his right ear, while the lobe of the Claimant's ear is strongly marked. This matter is mentioned, and there is a note on the last page of the book saying doctors deposed that mental stress, including sunstroke, could cause lobes to grow. But the eye and eyebrow of Tichborne are of quite a different shape, his face far less "intellectual" (using the word in the broadest possible sense) than the Claimant's; surely that is true?

The Claimant found many supporters in spite of the utter ignorance he showed of the French language, Stonyhurst, the Army and nearly all his putative early life. He was an excellent rider and fly-fisherman, popular (which, after all, Tichborne had never been), on the whole accepted by the gentry of Hampshire, who, when Lady Tichborne died and the Claimant's £1,000 a year ceased, put up £1,400 a year for him from among themselves.

There is a point I should like to put forward. Is it possible that the claimant had telepathic and hypnotic gifts? His photographs give him that strange look that belongs to founders of new religions and cults. As Mr. Woodruff truly says, it is a serious proposition to come back and impersonate a man to his own family and friends after only a dozen years. Yet one thinks of the comparatively extraordinary minor swindles and impersonations that can be read of most days in the paper. Besides, the Victorians lived in a far greater state of secrecy from one another than people do to-day. Did Roger Tichborne really reach Australia and know the Claimant (as Orton); and was the incarcerated lunatic, Cresswell, really Tichborne, whose name Orton had taken? Or had the Claimant (whether Tichborne or not) really murdered Orton? The picture of Orton's brother, here reproduced (a drawing), looks exceedingly like the Claimant. Much is insoluble. When the Claimant, on emerging from prison,

tried to earn a living on the musical halls, a diminutive *confrère* chose, in contrast to the other's size, the name of "Little Tich." ANTHONY POWELL

**The Mystic Masseur.** V. S. Naipaul. *Andre Deutsch*, 12/6

Mr. Naipaul, who is a Trinidad Indian in his twenties, has written a spare, crisp novel about the island from which he comes. His hero is one Ganesh Ramsu-mair, who is first seen as a country bumpkin. On the strength of the Cambridge School Certificate (second grade) he teaches school before branching out as a masseur with a difference. Mysticism can pay dividends in an Indian community. Ganesh manages to like like's well-heeled troops who are temporarily stationed in Trinidad, and yet believe in Gandhi and Nehru.

Our final glimpse of the former country boy is his emergence, as G. Ramsay Muir, Esq., M.B.E., from a first-class railway carriage in England. He has come to believe in British Colonial government, too. One has the suspicion that Mr. Naipaul's mischievous tale may be nearer fact than fantasy. The rendering of dialect is lovely. "Years does pass. People does born. People does married. People does dead. Is enough to make anybody a proper philosopher, sahib." Is enough to make proper good novel.

R. G.

**D. H. Lawrence. The Complete Poems.** *Heinemann*, 3 vols., 12/6 each

The large body of readers who, like myself, are apathetic about Lawrence but tend to be forgotten amid the jarring of the sects may be surprised as I was on first reading his poems in bulk. I knew I would enjoy them in spite of the expected note of protesting too much and the inadequate technique, but I was not prepared for the way in which they fit into the true English tradition. Browning seems the main influence on the good work, both in the phraseology of the early poems and in the hot distances of the later ones, but there is a lot of Blake too, particularly in a series of piffling half-epigrams. It would be stretching the point to include a lack of judgment that Wordsworth would have felt at home with.

This edition, presumably, includes everything except an index of first lines, and is reasonably compendious and free of adulation. P. D.

**The Poisoned Crown.** Maurice Druon. Translated by Humphrey Hare. *Rupert Hart-Davis*, 15/-

The third novel in the series *The Accursed Kings* covers the period of Louis X's second marriage and death. There is another round in the fight over Artois between the swaggering bully Robert and his sinister Aunt Mahaut. Guccio's romance with Marie de Cressay

ends in a clandestine marriage and the separation of the lovers. There are rather fewer executions than usual but the occasional note of witchcraft is struck cunningly.

Monsieur Druon's brilliance as a historical novelist may not appear from these particulars, which are intended for readers already under his spell. Somehow he makes straightforward accounts of feuds at Court intellectually as well as dramatically exciting. He has managed to combine the Stanley Weyman type of historical novel with the more complex view of the past we are plagued with to-day, but he does not make the mistake of finding modern delicacies and hesitations in early Fourteenth Century France, which he sees as the cold field of conflict between hard rapacities.

R. G. G. P.

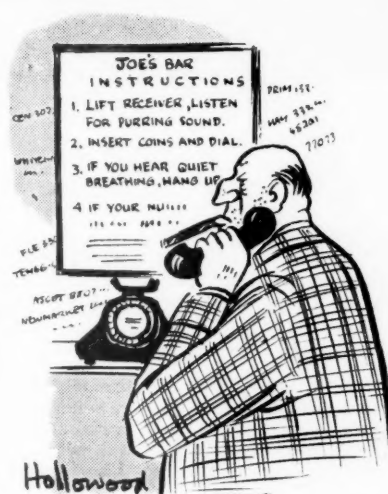
**Paris Bistro Cookery.** Alexander Watt. *Macgibbon and Kee*, 15/-

Mr. Watt has prepared this culinary guide book from the Do-It-Yourself angle, which is consoling, as few things are more calculated to up-grade the prices of any restaurant than the label "inexpensive with good cooking." In fact recent field work has already revealed that the Chope Danton has begun somewhat to outsoar the limits of the average tourist's pocket, so that *petite marmite Henri IV* is more economically to be enjoyed by following Mr. Watt's recipe at home. The same research group, however, mentions that the Recamier is still reasonable in price, with good food in pretty surroundings. These of course are only two examples, and there are forty-eight others from which to choose, a choice that would be easier if the numbers from the excellent map appeared in the body of the book as well as in the index. But that is a minor point and no bistro hunter should go on safari without this volume in his knapsack. Except in the immediate neighbourhood of the Eiffel Tower it will be his fault, and not Mr. Watt's, if he does not find a bistro to his taste. On returning home it will indeed be an unenterprising cook who cannot make an attempt at *poularde portugaise* as they cook it Chez Josephine.

V. G. P.

**William Harvey. His life and times; his discoveries; his methods.** Louis Chauvois. *Hutchinson Medical Publications*, 25/-

"Little Doctor Harvey" not only revolutionized medicine when he discovered the circulation of the blood: he devised new methods of experiment. Where Bacon defined empirical theory, Harvey is the exemplar of research. He was born in Folkestone of Kentish stock, and at Gonville and Caius, Cambridge, he completed his studies at the ancient University of Padua. As physician to Charles I he is said to have had charge of the two royal Princes at the battle



of Edgehill. His clear fine intelligence is evident in his face. His *De Motu Cordis et Sanguinis* appeared in 1628. The theory, for all its originality, was of its time. Wine fermented: why not blood? The two had long been held to have affinity. The "vital spirits," he argued, were carried through the body by the blood. Exhausted, it renewed itself by fermentation in the "*vena cava*," and it was then circulated by the heart. His discovery was briskly attacked, notably by Drs. Primerose, Parisanus, and Plemp. But in fact, save for the fermentation, Harvey was correct. "This at least," he would write, "is certain for I have seen it with my own eyes."

Dr. Chauvois' spirited biography, well translated, and apt for the tercentenary, is to be commended to a wide public.

J. E. B.

**Lunch With a Stranger.** David E. Walker. *Wingate*, 13/6

The lunch was at the R.A.C. in 1938, when Mr. Walker was a columnist on the *Daily Mirror*; the stranger invited him to "work abroad for the Government." He re-read Maugham's *Ashenden* and was off to adventures in Lucerne, Bucharest, Danzig, Athens, Belgrade, Sofia, with no training whatever and only a little advice—until 1941, when he joined Special Operations Executive, took two courses, and, finding he was not cut out for the more strenuous or Bulldog-Drummond kind of activity, stayed in S.O.E.'s "second eleven" and was put in charge of "subversion and deceptions" in Lisbon. This meant the calculated and, as it proved, very effective spreading of rumours misleading to enemy intelligence. Mr. Walker has the newspaperman's well-justified distrust of the average reader's willingness to concentrate, and every so often he dramatises in half a page of dialogue some moment that could easily be conveyed in half a



sentence of narrative; but the book as a whole is most entertainingly written in the easy, conversational style of a first-person thriller—which, of course, is what it is.

R. M.



## AT THE PLAY

*King Henry V* (O.U.D.S.)

TO put it kindly, there are oddities in Peter Dews' production of *Henry V* for the O.U.D.S. This is an undergraduate outing, played in the open air in high summer with most exam-papers where they decently belong, in the wastepaper-basket, and therefore no one but the most bilious professor will object to such quips as Williams, brought to book by Henry over the glove, behaving as an anxious modern private at a WOSBE; or as Gower endowed with a what-ho voice and using his sword precariously as a shooting-stick. These are rather funny, but more serious is the ruin of the King's exhortation before Harfleur. He and his cohorts come dashing in, when the noblest of the English fall flat on their faces in terror, making arrant nonsense of the greyhounds in the slips and so on, unless we are to suppose that the army's moral fibre has come asunder and Henry is being heavily sarcastic. In any case he is so badly winded by his exertions that the speech goes for nothing. And equally pointless is the interpolation of the boy's

death into the Alexander conversation. Armed with a single line of Gower's, the wretched lad writhes his last against Fluellen's chest while the two gossips enlarge on Macedon as if they have just met in the hall of the Athenæum. At the best it seems heartless, at the worst it becomes embarrassing.

But all this and much more can be forgiven for Mr. Dews' imaginative use of the Magdalen deer park, a magnificent setting. He can scarcely have planned for us to hear the echo of tennis balls from a neighbouring court during the visit of the French ambassadors; but he has made the very most of space and trees and, as background, a great doorway set in an old wall. The play starts in daylight, then gradually the lamps begin to bite, cutting deep green pools in the dusk. The lighting is not always successful. It keeps Henry in the dark for far too much of the camp scene, but it gets rich dividends from the foliage and by a happy stroke takes in some distant trees to give a pleasing effect of depth. One tree in particular focuses the action, a giant elm in the centre. There is so much space that some of the characters appear to drift in from a long walking-tour, yet it makes Shakespeare's military tactics seem less lunatic than usual (the trumpets far away are splendid), and allows such really exciting entries as the soldiers running through the darkness with blazing braziers at the opening of the camp scene, and Henry's arrival, flanked

by torch-bearers, at the French court.

The standard is very sound of a non-vintage year. Patrick Garland's Henry is unfalteringly honest and natural, speaking well, if not with much poetry, and marking an intelligent distinction between the modest youth and the quick soldier learning all the time. He rises ably to the scenes with Montjoy. David Webster makes a persuasive Chorus and a good Scottish Jamy, and Lindsay Evans, wagging an un-Plantagenet moustache, an amusing Fluellen. Others, with good voices (audible without benefit of mike) in useful contrast, are Patrick Hobson's Exeter, Jonathan Reuvid's Gower, Michael Simpson's Williams, and the Bates played by the producer. Where polish is missing we have still a heartening vitality.

## Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

A stirring *Julius Caesar* (Stratford-upon-Avon—5/6/57). Paul Scofield poisoning memorably in *A Dead Secret* (Piccadilly—5/6/57). *Waltz of the Toreadors* (Criterion—14/3/56), still the best new play in London.

ERIC KEOWN

## AT THE OPERA

*L'Italiana in Algeri*  
(GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA  
FESTIVAL)



IT looked at the start as if we were in for one of those meagre nights which are saved only by the wine in your motor-car boot and the a-musical euphoria which, induced by the long dinner-interval, makes second and all subsequent acts at Glyndebourne sound good and rosy whether they are so or not.

During the first scene everybody on the stage was in sour, uncertain voice and moved in an inhibited way. My companion, who knows every opera house in Italy and every note Rossini wrote, complained that Mustapha, Bey of Algiers, wasn't *buffo* a bit (i.e., no cushions under his belt, no Robey arches over the eyes) and that, if the piece had been *Il Seraglio* (it nearly is), Paolo Montarsolo would have made a gallant, chivalrous Selim and no Osmin at all.

As things turned out Mr. Montarsolo was the pivot on which the entire merry-go-round presently began to revolve so hilariously. While Oralia Dominguez, the Isabella, shot poisonous asides about Mustapha's looks across the footlights (*Oh! che muso, che figura!*), Mustapha lolled on his throne and appraised her charms with eyes that revolved like a lighthouse lamp and a smile that gleamed lunatically from a trim black beard of the sort people wore in the Dreyfus case. At the same time he sang Rossini's five-finger exercises and scale figures incisively and with satisfying (at any rate) bass tone.

For the cajoling comic trio *Pappataci! che mai sento!* he lined up with two



*Pistol*—VERNON DOBTCHIEFF

*King Henry the Fifth*—PATRICK GARLAND



worthy mates, Juan Oncino (the neat, personable tenor lead) and Marcello Cortis who, as Taddeo (Isabella's frustrated European admirer) looked on the world through pince-nez with permanent misgiving from a frame of ginger side-whiskers. During one of Mr. Cortis's salient phrases Mr. Montarsolo appeared to lever him a couple of feet in the air by the seat of his pants and set him down deftly on a main beat. When, in the last scene, the dupers invested Mr. Montarsolo with the farcical Order of the Pappatoci, a silver-papered star, he lifted it to his ear for the tick and must have heard one, for his smile went from lunatic to beatified.

From *buffa* tradition, a stale, taken-for-granted thing, Peter Ebert the producer has then gone three jumps forward to that of Groucho and Chico which, for all those sempiternal Everyman film revivals, still has a good deal of sap in it. Yet there was no slapstick; this is a proportioned and neatly pointed production. To my taste the *Italiana* music is worth two of the *Barbiere* score. Where, in *Barbiere*, does one find anything like the delicately urbane *Per lui che adoro*, that point of repose between Mozart and Bellini? Miss Dominguez sang this, as well as her saltier stuff, winningly. A gamesome evening, with a boxful of medals at the end for Osbert Lancaster (designer), Vittorio Gui (conductor) and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

CHARLES REID

## AT THE PICTURES



*Lizzie—The Rising of the Moon*

WITH a whoop, most of the boys and girls of the Press are on to any film that tries to take psychiatry seriously; because there are few things easier to be funny about. The case of *Lizzie* (Director: Hugo Haas) is not quite satisfactory for them, because it actually contains a character who persists in being very comically disrespectful about psychiatry the whole time, which not only robs the breezy critic of some of his best lines but also would seem to indicate that the film knows perfectly well what it is doing and can hardly be jeered at for unconscious humour. It gives him less to laugh at because of all the things undeniably *meant* to amuse (this piece is based on Shirley Jackson's *The Bird's Nest*, which I gather was a quite amusing novel), which he has to ignore.

However, anyone quite determined to find unconscious humour will find it, and it is interesting here to notice the way the insistently cynical viewer will seize on any opportunity to laugh rather than get even slightly touched by emotion. I'm in a minority about this film: I think it is well done and quite gripping, and I thoroughly approve of Eleanor Parker's playing of the title role...

If one can call it that, for the central character is a girl with schizophrenia—



Lizzie

Beth

ELFANOR PARKER

(Lizzie  
Elizabeth

split three ways: "Lizzie" is only one of the trio. (I believe in the novel it was actually four, but in view of the tone of most film criticism the film-makers weren't going to push their luck.)

The girl's name is of course Elizabeth; Lizzie is a personality she assumes from time to time at night, without warning and quite without any subsequent recollection of it. Lizzie goes out and behaves like a very fast piece indeed at Rick's Tavern, accosting any likely-looking man, and scrawling anonymous threatening letters to Elizabeth which make her life even more of a misery than Lizzie's constant hangover headaches already make it. The story details the way a psychiatrist gets at the root of her trouble and brings out her third personality, the normal one in which she can be happy. I agree, even to describe these things is asking for trouble: plenty of people now laugh at the idea of psychiatry as automatically as their grandfathers laughed at the idea of Wigan. But, like it or not, psychiatric treatment has relieved much mental misery, and this film seems to me to tell remarkably well—and entertainingly—the story of how one sick mind was cured. Eleanor Parker is excellent in her triptych role, the very believable doctor is Richard Boone, and Joan Blondell is first-rate as the hard-drinking aunt who makes all the cracks many a writer would have wished to make.

*The Rising of the Moon* (Director: John Ford) is one of the master's minor works. It is a group of three stories, and might be called, the publicity says, "the foundation stone of the new Irish film industry": an all-Irish enterprise. Everybody in sight is Irish, including Tyrone Power, who is there as narrator to hold

the three twenty-five-minute episodes together.

Each is by a different writer: two comedies, by Frank O'Connor and Martin J. McHugh, and Lady Gregory's little suspense play about a prisoner's escape from the Black-and-Tans during the Troubles in 1921. This is the only one with any touch of seriousness about it, and perhaps, as has been said, a better plan would have been to put it between the two comic pieces instead of at the end; but it isn't as serious as all that, and the suspense is resolved in a moment of laughter at the blundering invader who has been outwitted by a little ingenuity.

The first story, "The Majesty of the Law," is dominated by Noel Purcell as a proud old reprobate accused of assault; the second, "One Minute's Wait," is the most light-hearted, and gets its laughs from the cumulative confusion at a local railway station. All three are very simple little pieces, and the picture is not technically striking; but as a whole it makes an endearing impression.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Another shown this week was *How to Murder a Rich Uncle*: in the same convention as some of the Ealing comedies, and with good moments, but much too hard-workingly fantastic for my taste. *Westward Ho the Wagons* is a simple, rousing Disney Western. You can't be unaware that *Saint Joan* has arrived; review next week. *Les Aristocrates* (12/6/57) and *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison* (19/6/57) continue.

*The Young Stranger* (12/6/57) is easily the best of the releases.

RICHARD MALLETT



## ON THE AIR

## Three Smart Girls

THREE times during recent weeks television has poked its nose into the Nude Show, a new form of poor man's cabaret which has suddenly become extraordinarily popular in London, Blackpool and other hives of entertainment. The B.B.C. and the I.T.A. have of course treated the business circum-spectly and decorously, looking at the financial figures involved rather than the vital statistics and providing an open forum for proponents and opponents of these saucy displays of pulchritude.

The B.B.C., very naturally, sounded a snooty note of moral rectitude in its two pictorial enquiries, but if Nude Shows are to be tried and condemned it is difficult to see how Portland Place and Lime Grove can wriggle out of all responsibility for their appearance in the dock. Television deals increasingly in near-the-knuckle comedy, in the art of exposure and the tricks of over-exposure, and faced by this immensely powerful competition the purveyors of live entertainment could hardly survive if they failed to cater extravagantly for whetted appetites.

Nude Shows may or may not be tasteless, indecent, dangerous, harmful, but the television channels (and particularly the B.B.C.) cannot adopt a superior and virtuously indignant attitude towards them without talk of hypocrisy rearing its ugly head and shoulders.

Girls. Yes, this is the season for girls, girls at Wimbledon and girls trying to lure the breadwinner from his garden, garage, or cricket practice. At present three smart girls are hogging the cameras



[Hotfoot—From Me to You—Carole's Country Club

JACQUELINE MACKENZIE

CAROLE CARR

PAT KIRKWOOD

of the B.B.C., all of them in light-hearted series of song, dance or patter. Pat Kirkwood, in "From Me to You," never fails to delight me with her professional skill and boundless enthusiasm. She is, I think, the most versatile of all our songstresses: she can sing *à la* Vesta Tilley to satisfy the elders, she can knock off a romantic ballad with the tear-jerking efficiency of Vera Lynn, and more important—she can slip into the groove of jazz without needling her younger or older admirers.

Carole Carr's show "Carole's Country Club" is luckier in its fixtures and fittings. Chic Murray has a pretty good line in urbane inanity and Harry Locke, as the barman, is a useful stooge. But once again the proceedings are devitalized by the appearance of guest stars. What on earth was motorist Moss doing at this club? And why—while I'm about it—should Mr. Moss and his racing friends be invited to prop up so many shows of

indifferent quality with small talk about their comings and goings, lap-records and near misses?

Miss Carr is not an accomplished actress. She sings tunelessly and amiably and is good to look upon, but it is a mistake to involve her in dialogue and there is far too much tedious dialogue sandwiched between the songs of "Carole's Country Club."

The third smart girl is Jacqueline Mackenzie, once the "Friday Reporter" of "Highlight" and now the star of "Hotfoot," a series of solo reports in words, mime and facial contortion. Miss Mackenzie has unusual talent and considerable charm, quite enough of both, I imagine, to sustain her fans during these fifteen-minute recitals. For

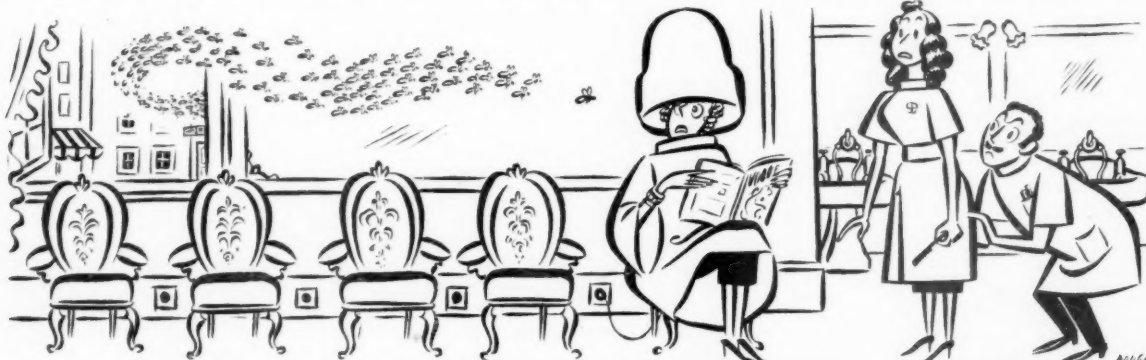
my money, however, she is better employed in shorter postscripts to the news: I find the interminable yakety-yak . . . well, interminable. There were a few gems of journalistic observation and humour in her reports of visits to Libya and Rome, but they were oases in vast stretches of prosy desert. Miss Mackenzie will never acquire the important knack of timing until she pauses occasionally for breath and inspiration.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

## PUNCH INDEX

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